VOL 4

LETTERS

FROM

ELIZABETH SOPHIA DE VALIERE

TO HER FRIEND

LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

VOL. II.

L E T T E R S

FROM

ELIZABETH SOPHIA DE VALOIS

TO

LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

VOL. II.

LETTERS

FROM

ELIZABETH SOPHIA DE VALIERE

TO HER FRIEND

LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

BY

MADAM RICCOBONI.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH by

MR. MACEUEN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

LONDON,

Printed for T. BECKET; and P. A. De HONDT,
Strand. 1772.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTERS

FROM

ELIZABETH SOPHIA DE VALIERE

To her Friend

LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

PART SECOND.

LETTER XL.

Paris, September 25, 17**.

ALAS, my dear, what trouble, what ſorrow is in a moment diffuſed thro' a family where peace and tranquillity reigned but this morning: the ſtrangeſt accident alarms us, makes us apprehenſive for my Lord Lindſey's intellects, nay even for his life. Without the leaſt previous warning of any diſorder in his mind, or alteration in his health, after a long ſwoon, a frightful trance and delirium, and the moſt dreadful agony! weak, low, diſſolved in tears, he

has juſt quitted Malzais, in order to return home. Monſ. de Monglas accompanies him; he will not forſake him in this cruel ſituation.

A very aſtoniſhing circumſtance adds to my emotion on this occaſion. The papers requeſted by Monſ. de Monglas, were delivered to me as we roſe from table. I gave them to him; he received them with joy, thanked me for my complaiſance, went immediately into his cloſet, and ſent to deſire my Lord to come to him. He was reading theſe papers to him in the inſtant when that ſudden and unlooked for diſorder obliged him to break off his reading, and call for aſſiſtance to his friend.

What ideas ſtrike me.—But that is impoſſible! How ſhould this adventure, written by Madame d'Auterive, and which happened ſo many years ſince, throw my Lord Lindſey into ſuch a ſwoon, and call forth his groans and tears?—What connection could thoſe two unhappy ſtrangers—His heart is tender; he is an Engliſhman; poſ-

ſibly the fate of his unfortunate countrymen may have moved his ſympathizing ſoul—But then that long fainting fit, ſuch regret, ſo many tears! poſſibly he might know them?—Hortenſia, what ſhould I think—What! can chance have diſcovered?—I know not whether I ought to wiſh it: I reflect with a kind of terror on the emotions of Lord Lindſey when I was firſt ſeen by him. I believe I told you of it, my features ſeemed to awaken ſad and cruel recollections in him.—It is now midnight—Monſ. de Monglas was to write, to ſend one of his people; the Marchioneſs ſtill expects him—I hear a carriage—It is he, it is the Marquis—My heart beats—I leave you, my dear, I am going down—

Two in the morning.

Never had the unfortunate Sophia more need of your pity. Great God, what a blow hangs over me! What have I been told? What fatal ſecret is concealed in Lord Lindſey's boſom! It is too true, the packet of Madame d'Auterive was the cauſe of his accident. Oh, *theſe unfortunate men were no ſtrangers to me*, repeated he ſeveral times to

Monſ. de Monglas. He trembled whilſt he ſpoke it. But, my dear, what aſtoniſhes and alarms me, he *cannot, will not ſee me more. He will never*, he ſays, *look on the ſad orphan whoſe exiſtence he knew not of.* Hortenſia who am I then! do I owe my being to ſome vile raviſher? Can I be the offspring of ſome mean woman's ſhameful weakneſs? Could it be an incenſed brother, a wronged huſband, whoſe hand pierced the heart: alas, of whom—Was the avenger of the crime, a relation or brother of Lord Lindſey?—What tumultous ideas! Monſ. de Monglas cannot clear them up. As his friend, ill, overwhelmed with inexpreſſible grief, beſeeches him to leave him to himſelf: he has promiſed to reveal to him all his ſecrets, when his mind, grown more calm, will allow him to ſpeak or to write. The Marquis imagines that my mother muſt have greatly intereſted my Lord; but can form no ſure conjecture of the nature of that attachment.

After having wiſhed for a whole year to be made acquainted with my own ſtory, muſt I now tremble in expectation of a diſ-

covery, a thouſand times begged of heaven by my moſt ardent prayers. Amiable, dear Germeuil, I was in hope that ſuch a diſcovery might draw me nearer to thee. Pleaſing ideas often flattered my heart, in theſe moments, when reaſon, no longer waking, leaves the imagination at liberty to create ſmiling images, and to amuſe our deſires by ſweet illuſions.—My Lord Lindſey *will not, cannot look on me more.* How theſe few words trouble, and terrify me.—With what contempt, what horror muſt thoſe two unfortunate perſons inſpire him, ſince their unfortunate end could not extinguiſh his hatred, ſince the unhappy child taken from their grave, renews and incurs his averſion, his diſdain.—Oh, my dear, I am humbled, I am indeed, and that from the bottom of my ſoul.

Twelve at Noon.

One of Monſ. de Monglas's ſervants is returned from Lord Lindſey's. He could not ſpeak with him. John, his valet de chambre, with mournful looks, and bathed

in tears, told him his maſter had a little fever, with a violent agitation of his ſpirits, and his heart greatly oppreſſed.

Oh my tender friend, pity me, comfort me; the moſt bitter ſorrow is mingled with my fears, with every emotion of my ſoul.

LETTER XLI.

MY hand can hardly hold the pen: I tremble, I ſhudder at the miſfortunes I may poſſibly be the cauſe of—Will the perplexity of my mind allow me?—Hortenſia, my fears were but too well grounded. Monſ. de Germeuil, who has been for ſome days eight leagues from Malzais, at the Count du Roure's, informed of the report of the neighbourhood, thinks that dazzled with Lord Lindſey's fortune—He! my dear, He think!—He leaves me this inſtant, he ſets off enraged—Oh the ungrateful man! how came he not to read in my heart?

Awaked

Awakened early in the morning by my anxiety, I went down into the garden: cuſtom more than choice, guided my ſteps along the banks of a canal, which I often walked round alone. I was moving ſlowly on, my heart rent with ſorrow, and my mind involved with cares: When, on a ſudden, a man came from behind a paliſade, and obſerving if any body ſaw him, ſeemed as if he intended to join me: I know not, but fear made me draw back: he haſtened his pace, I did the ſame; I was beginning to run, when the ſound of a well known voice ſtruck my ear, and rouſed every ſenſe by its ſweet modulation. Stay, Sophia, ſtay, cried he, avoid not the wretch whom you have driven to deſpair. Oh, my dear, flight would have availed me little: I trembled, I remained without ſtrength, ſpeechleſs and motionleſs; Monſ. de Germeuil, on coming up to me, found me almoſt ſenſeleſs. Himſelf ſtruck with emotion, unable to ſpeak, he threw his arms round me, ſupported me, led me to a moſſy bank, caſt himſelf at my feet, and covering his face with my hands,

which he preſſed with ardour, he bathed them with his ſcalding tears.

Oh! what a ſenſation pierced my ſoul; I could not open my lips, nor make the ſmalleſt effort to withdraw my hands; my eyes could not ſuppreſs the viſible marks of my ſympathetic emotion; an unvoluntary ſhriek came from the bottom of my heart. Monſ. de Germeuil raiſed his head, and viewing me with an anxious and gloomy attention: Why weep you, Mademoiſelle, ſaid he, with a dejected accent? What concern moves you at this inſtant? Do you fear leſt Lord Lindſey ſhould ſurprize me at your feet? Or that I am come to attack his life?—Cruel woman, had you then condemned me never to ſee you more? Did you flatter yourſelf you ſhould never hear the complaints of an enraged heart, of a deceived friend, and of a forſaken lover?

So unjuſt a way of interpreting my ſilence, and my tears, hurt me very ſenſibly. What, Sir, cried I, have I ever given you

a right to treat me with ſo little ceremony, to inſult me by your reproaches, to force me to bluſh for my condeſcenſion?—No! cruel woman, interrupted he haſtily, riſing and withdrawing from me, no, you have given me no right, but that of complaining of you. Inſenſible to my tenderneſs, you have equally rejected the proffers of my love and the aſſiduities of my friendſhip; your pride and indifference have made you confound the companion of your childhood with thoſe contemptible men, whoſe ſnares or temerity you had cauſe to dread; you was afraid of him who deſerved your confidence; his love, his honour, his reſpect have not been able to remove your fears; you fled from him as from a vile ſeducer; you have preferred even a ſtate of dependence to offers as conſiſtent with decorum as they are diſintereſted; you could not believe your friend ſincere; you could not believe him generous, ungrateful as you are, and yet you reproach yourſelf with your condeſcenſion?

I am unfortunate, extremely unfortunate indeed, ſaid I to him, more moved with his

affliction, than provoked with his expreſſions; you will know me better one day, Sir, and perhaps you will repent your having filled with bitterneſs, a heart whoſe greateſt affliction is that of troubling the tranquillity of yours.

A beam of joy ſparkled in his eyes, moiſtened with his tears; he ſat down by me, ſeized my hand, and held it in ſpite of my efforts. O my couſin, ſaid he in a low voice, faultering with emotion, O, my Sophia! your many cruelties to me, have not weakened that paſſion born with my firſt dawn of reaſon, that firſt and deareſt ſentiment of my breaſt; it has been kept up by the beauties of your mind, and by the nobleneſs of your ſoul: I admire, I revere your virtues, and even the auſterity of your principles, though they are the cauſe of my ſorrows. I love, I adore you; I cannot live without you; I cannot live away from you! Oh! if it is the greateſt affliction of your heart to baniſh my peace of mind, reſtore me that peace, my dear, my charming friend! I cannot poſſibly recover it whilſt you

you keep me at ſuch a diſtance and in ſo much uncertainty. This hand, which I feel myſelf happy to preſs between mine, this hand alone can enſure my happineſs: Oh! give it me, my couſin, give it me for pity's ſake, if you dare not for the ſake of love. For ever to fix my eyes on that lovely face; to enjoy, far from the world and from noiſe, the pleaſures of a ſweet intercourſe; to paſs every inſtant of my life near you, in the flattering aſſurance of pleaſing you, of being beloved by you; this is the ſupreme good, the good to which all my wiſhes tend. It is no longer time to heſitate, to fear, to object vain prejudices, and obligations which concern not you; you are free, ſo am I too: periſh all that pride has invented to clog the rights of love and nature! ſhall not I have leave to tranſgreſs hard laws, when I can do it without wounding my honour, or incurring any other cenſure, than what avarice and vanity can raiſe againſt me.

Oh, my dear! what a delicious proſpect opened to my view, and took from my heart the remembrance of all the world beſides! How quickly did I loſe ſight of

every thing that was not Monſ. de Germeuil! What an enchanting emotion agitated, urged me to ſpeak, to be candid, to open all the ſentiments of my ſoul to the Marquis, to ſay with him, to repeat after him; to pleaſe you, to be beloved by you: this is my ſupreme my only good.—Oh why, why did not I ſay ſo? He would then have parted from me ſatisfied and content.—I wiſh—Yes, I wiſh—But all is over, I have mortally offended him, I ſhall ſee him no more—He hates me—I die with grief.

My bluſhes, my confuſion and my perplexity awakened his hopes; he conjured me on his knees to confirm them by a tender confeſſion: I was going to yield to his entreaties, when, caſting on him a baſhful look, a ſad return of my bewildered reaſon re-placed before my eyes ſo many obſtacles which had diſappeared in that moment; I thought of that dreaded eclairciſſement which poſſibly might ſink me ſtill lower, and raiſe new obſtacles between Monſ. de Germeuil and myſelf: I ſighed, I puſhed away his arms which held me; ceaſe, Sir, ceaſe to require,

ſaid

ſaid I, an avowal which I cannot make. At what a time do you aſk it? My condition will ſoon be altered; my Lord Lindſey is the ſole arbiter of it, ſtay at leaſt—He roſe up in a paſſion, what do I hear? cried he—Then it is true?—He *ſole arbiter of your fate!* he, my Lord Lindſey? No, whilſt I live and breathe he ſhall not.—What, ſhall a ſtranger raviſh from me?—You weep, ungrateful woman—Oh! if he be dear to you, tremble—I am no longer maſter of myſelf—Farewel.—I would have held him: leave me, cruel woman, ſaid he, puſhing my hand from him, I can hear no more, you have told me too much; henceforth tremble at the mention of my name, which you ſhall never more hear without ſorrow and remorſe. So ſaying he ran from me, my eyes bathed in tears ſaw him diſappear.—Oh almighty God! vouchſafe to watch over his life. I accept at thy hand every affliction, every humiliation! But preſerve me from the deſtiny of my unfortunate mother, let me not expire at the ſight of the blood of him—Oh, my dear Hortenſia, join

your

your prayers to thoſe of a heart ſinking under the preſſure of its afflictions.

LETTER XLII.

INTO what a ſtep has fear led me! Good God, Monſ. de Germueil is now acquainted with all the weakneſs of my heart. I paſſed the whole night in combating my ſcruples, and getting the better of my delicacy; I have juſt now been writing to this cruel, this tormenting friend. I communicate to him my deſigns for my future ſituations in life, together with your generous promiſe; I acquaint him with my ſituation in regard to Lord Lindſey, and of thoſe circumſtances which will not permit me to think of any alteration in my ſchemes favourable to his intentions: I confeſs to him how much I could wiſh to be of a rank and fortune capable of leſſening the diſtance which removes me from him; I preſume to aſſure him of a preference which he ought never

never to have doubted of; I tell him, nay I ſwear to him, that he is dear to me, and that he will be ſo while I live. An expreſs was ſent off early this morning—With what an emotion do I wait for his return. Oh, my dear friend, what have I done! I bluſh whilſt I conſider—Yes, I reproach myſelf —In the quiet uſe of all my ſenſes, can I forgive myſelf?—But neceſſity compelled me to it.—Oh! muſt his fury carry me ſo far out of myſelf, extort a confeſſion:— which I owed to his love?

One of Lord Lindſey's people has juſt brought Monſ. de Monglas a packet; he has ſhut himſelf up with the Marchioneſs to read it. My heart is in a violent palpitation—His writing is to reveal—Although it is ſtrong and urging, my curioſity gives way to an intereſt ſtill more preſſing: it is the anſwer of Monſ. de Germeuil, the expectation of which agitates me; it is his anger, his prepoſſeſſion, his grief which troubles and alarms me—Perhaps he will not believe me; Oh Hortenſia, do you think—

I am on the brink of deſpair, my expreſs is come back with my letter. On his return to the Count du Roure's, Monſ. de Germeuil received orders to join his regiment, in order to quell an inſurrection in the province: he is ſet off, I know not where to write to him, my mind is overwhelmed; I have not ſtrength enough to proceed.

Ten at Night.

Every thing conſpires to oppreſs my heart, to redouble my diſtreſs. What means my Lord Lindſey? Perſonally intereſted in Madame d'Auterive's papers, who? He! As how pray—But read the copy of his letter.

Letter from Lord Lindſey to the Marquis de Monglas.

" I AM now, my dear Monglas, to fulfil
" my promiſe; to impart in confidence
" the cauſe of that deep melancholy, which
" you ſeemed to pity me for. From the earlieſt

" lieſt period of our intimacy, I would
" have kept nothing a ſecret from my ex-
" cellent friend, had it been poſſible for me
" to open my heart to you without break-
" ing it. The condition you ſaw me in at
" Malzais; that wherein you left me at this
" place, have too well convinced you how
" exquiſite my ſorrows ſtill are, and how
" much the remembrance of events which
" gave birth to them muſt diſturb my peace
" of mind, and endanger my reaſon. How
" could I believe myſelf perſonally intereſt-
" ed—What cruel, what bitter reproaches
" I felt within my heart!

" You repreſent Madamoiſelle de Va-
" liere as uneaſy; what an addition to my
" affliction, to be obliged to tell her the
" ſad tidings myſelf.—She will poſſibly
" know them too ſoon—Read, my friend,
" read the ſtory of a life of trouble; pity a
" man truly unfortunate. In my preſent
" dejected ſtate, I ſtand in need of your
" compaſſion, and indulgence. Oh, your
" friendſhip is become neceſſary to me!

" from

" from it I expect and hope for, both aſ-
" ſiſtance and conſolation."

Monſ. de Monglas has given me my Lord Lindſey's packet: I read it with great emotion, without however meeting with any thing that appears to concern me. *She will poſſibly be too well acquainted with*—Oh, my dear, what is it then I am to be acquainted with?

Twelve at Night.

I can hope for no reſt, the hurry of my ſpirits drives ſleep from my eyes; in order therefore to ſtep out of myſelf, if I may ſo ſay, and divert my ſad thoughts, I will tranſcribe my Lord's manuſcript; you will ſend me back my copy after peruſing it.

Copy of Lord Lindſey's Packet.

SIR William Denby, my mother's uncle, went very young to Carolina, where, after having filled ſeveral honourable poſts with credit, he became poſſeſſed of a great fortune.

tune. The deſire of ſecuring it to his family, determined him to marry his only daughter to his neareſt relation. She was deſtined for me from her earlieſt childhood. I was brought up with a view of being ſent to Carolina, after I had finiſhed my ſtudies. But the death of my elder brother ſomewhat diſconcerted this project, and my father's entirely broke it.

Sir William could not diſapprove of his niece's reluctance to part with a ſon, who was the only ſurviving one out of a numerous family. Lady Denby would neither part with her daughter, nor quit her native country to follow her. Notwithſtanding theſe obſtacles, Sir William, prepoſſeſſed in my favour by an advantageous character that had been given him of me, ſtill had at heart the accompliſhment of his firſt deſign. His wife died. Being now at liberty to diſpoſe of his daughter and fortune, he determined on his return to England with immenſe riches: he was on the point of ſetting out with Miſs Denby, when a malignant fever robbed him of his daughter, the

object

object of his moſt tender affection. The ſame ſhip which was to have conveyed him to his native country, brought us the news of that ſad event, and his letters proved to us how much he was affected with it.

The grief of this unfortunate father, filled my mother with the moſt tender compaſſion: he deſired with great earneſtneſs to ſee me; he reſolved to *make the intended huſband of his daughter his heir, he would have lamented her in his arms, and have died preſſing to his boſom the man who was to have made her happy.* Time had robbed him *of his relations and friends; he was going to expire alone, in a foreign land: his weakneſs, his dejection would not ſuffer him to croſs the ſeas; he would ſoon mingle his aſhes with thoſe of his unhappy daughter*; he conjured my mother in the ſtrongeſt expreſſions not to deny him that conſolation which he promiſed himſelf from her friendſhip.

The fear of hazarding the life of a darling ſon, made my mother heſitate, till tenderneſs and pity determined her; ſhe conſented

ſented to the voyage, and I ſet out. I had a favourable paſſage, but heaven did not vouchſafe Sir William the ſatisfaction he had ſo ardently deſired. On my arrival at Charles Town, the place of his reſidence, I learned with ſorrow, that the death of the venerable old man, beloved and reſpected all over that city, had filled it with tears and mourning. Upwards of a month before my landing, he had breathed his laſt. My arrival made the tears flow afreſh from the eyes of all who had lived long under his protection, and the advantage of being his relation, gained me the moſt favourable reception from all the inhabitants.

Sir William's will confirmed my title to his fortune: I was put in poſſeſſion of all his effects; the order and regularity in his affairs made mine eaſy to ſettle: after a two months ſtay in Charles Town, I might have departed, if a tender remembrance, fatal to the happineſs of all my ſubſequent life, had not made me deſire to ſee Sir Edmund Neſby, an old friend of my father, whom I could not

not but remember on account of his merit and misfortunes.

Being obliged to abandon his native country, he had been wandering eight years unknown through all our colonies, in dread of meeting a powerful enemy, too much offended ever to pardon. A man, formerly attached to Sir Edmund, informed me, that having loſt his wife in Virginia, he had lately quitted his dwelling there, and then actually reſided at Beauford, two or three miles from that charming habitation. As he was become ſullen and unſociable, he avoided company. This ſame man likewiſe told me that ever ſince his exile, he had lived ſolitary and unhappy.

Indeed, how could he do otherwiſe, in a ſituation ſo different from that I had ſeen him in? Being the only ſurvivor of a noble and very ancient family, notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of his fortune, his brilliant qualities and ſuperior talents gave him a title to look up to the higheſt poſts in the kingdom:

kingdom: he actually enjoyed one which opened a way to the greateſt, when he had the imprudence to quarrel with the ſon of a powerful miniſter of ſtate, to fight him, and to fill a family, in high favour at court, and beloved and reſpected by the nation, with mourning, ſorrow, and indignation. The reſentment and credit of that family in an inſtant deſtroyed all his hopes; as he was known to be the aggreſſor, nothing but a ſpeedy flight ſaved his life from the puniſhment which the law ordains, he therefore immediately paſſed over into France. Lady Neſby, who remained at London, in vain implored the king's clemency, but finding ſhe could not obtain her huſband's pardon, ſhe croſſed the ſea, joined him, and they both determined to embark for the Britiſh colonies; they ſet out together, carrying their daughter Emma with them, then about ſeven or eight years old.

I was ſcarcely out of my childhood when I firſt knew Sir Edmund: as he was intimate at my father's, he often amuſed himſelf in talking to me, and giving me in the way

way of paſtime, very ſerious and uſeful leſſons: as I was more advanced in years and reflection, when his ſad adventure drove him away from us, I mixed my tears with thoſe of his father, and ſincerely regretted the loſs of a man who had already taught me to feel the firſt charms of friendſhip. On my diſcovering the place of his retreat, I felt a pleaſure in thinking my company might poſſibly afford him comfort: I reſolved to pay him a viſit, to make him an offer of my ſervice, to learn from his own mouth whether I could poſſibly ſerve him in England, or procure him a leſs diſagreeable retreat in Carolina: I ſet out for Beauford: I was told where the Baronet lived; it was near the ſea ſide; I went thither. As ſoon as they told him my name, a cry of ſurprize and joy informed me how much he was pleaſed with the friendſhip which brought me to him. But in what a condition did I behold him! attacked by an incurable diſorder, threatened with an approaching death, anxious about the deſtiny of his daughter, lamenting the loſs of a dear wife, whoſe complaiſant aſſiduities charmed all the troubles

of

of his heart. The vaſt alteration of his features, and the account of ſome part of his diſappointments affected me greatly: he ſeemed not leſs moved by my behaviour. O my dear countryman, ſaid he, preſſing me to his boſom, how many tears has the imprudence of a moment coſt me! What cruel remorſe has that fatal inſtant been the cauſe of! My outlawry, and eternal baniſhment, made my wife ſink under her grief, and has reduced my daughter to an obſcure condition. I have been the cauſe of misfortune to all whom I loved: Oh Lindſey! at what a price do we purchaſe the cruel and tranſient ſatisfaction of puniſhing an offence which perhaps rather called for our contempt? Oh my young friend, revenge paves the way to long and bitter repentance.

I offered Sir Edmund all the comfort and aſſiſtance in my power to afford him; at his requeſt, I conſented to ſpend ſome time with him. He appeared to repoſe an extreme confidence in me; the ſight of me, and my converſation, ſeemed to give him

new ſpirits; I was glad of it, and every now and then I preſſed him to put me to the proof, how fortunate I ſhould think myſelf if he would pleaſe to give me any opportunity of being ſerviceable to him. You have it in your power, ſaid he one day, to ſerve me in a moſt eſſential point. I intend to ſend my daughter out of theſe parts, and to reſtore her to her country; it would be a dreadful reflection to me, when I die, to leave her on this continent, ſo fatal to her mother and to myſelf: Oh! may ſhe return to the dear land where ſhe firſt drew breath, whence her imprudent father has baniſhed himſelf! Will you conduct her to England? To whom can I entruſt her, to what more faithful guide can I commit her? Your noble character, that tender pity, whoſe affecting proofs you have ſhewn me, aſſure me of the concern you take in my daughter's fate; alas! ſhe deſerved a leſs rigorous one. Emma has now no mother, I am on the point of terminating my troubleſome journey; what would become of her here? Who would undertake the office to ſooth her ſorrow? or watch over her conduct?

For

For eight long years paſt we have been wandering in theſe climes: unknown; ſtrangers every where; no ties connect us with any. Oh my friend, take charge of this precious truſt, convey my daughter to London; a relation of her mother lives at York; it is lady Walters; you will place Emma under her care; and if I may, without treſpaſſing on your goodneſs, aſk one favour more, may I preſume to beg you will accept the guardianſhip of an unfortunate orphan. There remain at London four thouſand pounds of the wreeks of my fortune, which you will receive by my order. It is a very ſmall ſum; however, when added to what will be recovered when I am no more, it will put her beyond the reach of extreme want, and entire dependance. And what can the daughter of a baniſhed man hope for more!

I made no difficulty in promiſing to comply with the wiſhes of Sir Edmund; I ſwore to him to look on Miſs Neſby as my own ſiſter; to reſpect, to cheriſh, and protect her; to make her intereſt and happineſs the

chief buſineſs of my life; in a word, to omit nothing to augment her fortune by my care, or the comfort of her life by my aſſiduous attention. She had no knowledge of the engagements which I then entered into: as ſhe was ill when I came to her father's, ſhe never came down into his apartment: ſix days paſſed without my once ſeeing her. Happy ſhould we both have been had fortune never preſented an opportunity to meet, to ſee and become acquainted with each other! Oh, Monglas, there are wounds beyond the power of time to cloſe! The remembrance of that beautiful and unfortunate creature will be preſent to my thoughts to my dying hour.

Miſs Neſby to a noble majeſtic figure joined the moſt affecting graces. Her goodneſs of heart, her improved underſtanding, her ſweetneſs of temper, rendered her both amiable and intereſting; an air of ſenſibility, ſomewhat inclined to melancholy, diffuſed a charming grace over her looks, the tone of her voice, and her every motion: her moſt indifferent expreſſions ſeemed dictated by a benevolent heart, which

inſured her univerſal regard; it was impoſſible to look on her, or to hear her ſpeak, without deſiring to pleaſe and to be beloved by her.

Her preſence filled me with an admiration which no object before had ever excited; new and pleaſing ſenſations agitated my heart; the aſpect of this young lady, her looks, her diſcourſe, awakened in my ſoul the moſt lively joy, and moſt delicious pleaſure. I found myſelf happy to ſee her, to ſpeak to her, and to be near her: how did I congratulate myſelf on Sir Edmund's confidence in me! What! ſaid I with rapture, I am to conduct Miſs Neſby to our common country, and under a title which allows me the direction of whatever relates to her intereſt, fortune, and happineſs! Vain and deluding hope, how did you charm, how miſlead a heart, already but too ſuſceptible?

The time drew near when I was to embark. Sir Edmund's diſorder got ground apace. He was ſenſible of it himſelf, and

preſſed his daughter to quit Carolina and to follow me; ſhe refuſed to go, or to leave him: he was angry at the refuſal, treated it as obſtinacy, flew into a paſſion, and inſiſted on being obeyed. Emma's reſiſtance appeared ſo natural and ſo reaſonable, that I bore with impatience the complaints and reproaches which the Baronet loaded her with. How could he deſire to ſend her away from him, and to deprive himſelf of her endearing aſſiduities! How could he treat her with ſo much ſeverity? Sometimes ſhe quitted his chamber all in tears: he would then call her back; melt into tenderneſs with her; mix his tears with thoſe he endeavoured to wipe away; and then began afreſh to conjure her to go, to command her, to threaten her with his curſe if ſhe yielded not to his will. I looked on theſe ſurpriſing inequalities of his temper as the effects of his diſorder: what anxiety, what vexation, what regret had he ſpared me, if, opening his whole heart to me, he had entruſted me with the ſecret cauſe of a conduct ſo capricious in appearance!

In

In order to diſſipate ſome part of the uneaſineſs of his lovely daughter, I endeavoured to calm his reſtleſs and angry temper. What induces you to precipitate Miſs Neſby's departure, I one day aſked him; is it becauſe you fear I ſhould go without her? Do you imagine I am capable of leaving you in ſo abrupt a manner? or refuſing to indulge you with a longer ſtay if you deſire it? Ceaſe to afflict your daughter; preſerve the ſatisfaction of receiving the tender proofs of her affliction, and allow her to perform duties ſhe deems ſacred. Do not rob her of a father before the time when heaven dooms her to mourn his loſs: I will not leave Carolina at the time I intended; the ſhip which carries my effects ſhall ſail without me: I will ſtay with you till Miſs Neſby is diſpoſed to follow me with leſs reluctance.

I underſtand you, my truly generous friend, cried Sir Edmund, this aſſurance completes my wiſhes. Alas! if I add to the grief of a child ſo beloved, it is not without ſharing its bitterneſs, without re-

doubling the violence of my pain: my death will ſoon ſeparate us for ever; if I ſeem reſolved to ſacrifice the few moments I ſtill enjoy, it is that I fear — A cruel deſtiny threatens this unhappy girl while here. —Oh! I love her tenderly! She may poſſibly doubt it.—He ſtopped, fixed his eyes on me, and reſuming in a low voice choaked with ſighs and tears, Oh, if my unfortunate adventure had not deſtroyed Emma's fortune, ſaid he, with what joy ſhould I ſee Lindſey intereſt himſelf for her; with what tranſport ſhould I offer to him a partner ſo worthy of him!

This diſcourſe opened my eyes with regard to thoſe ſenſations I had indulged, without being acquainted with them. Never had ſo warm an emotion filled my heart; I began to diſcover the view of a felicity of which I had hitherto no ſort of idea: to poſſeſs Emma, to ſpend every moment of my life with Emma! Melted, charmed, wholly taken up with the flattering proſpect which ſeemed to riſe before me, I neither thought

thought of anſwering, nor of hiding the confuſion of my ſenſes.

How am I to interpret the viſible alteration in your countenance, continued Sir Edmund: thoſe bluſhes, that ſilence, that confuſion, do they tell me?—is it a confeſſion?—Then ſeizing both my hands, and preſſing them between his, O my dear Lindſey, why are you ſilent? cried he. Oh! do not conceal your paſſion from a friend who feels a father's tenderneſs for you.

You have juſt taught me, ſaid I at laſt, to read the ſecrets of a heart which you yourſelf would wiſh to diſcover; you have now opened to me the proſpect of a felicity whoſe moſt diſtant hope would make me happy. Yes! I do intereſt myſelf in Miſs Neſby; I value, I honour, I love her: to aſk and to receive from your hand ſo charming a companion, would be to inſure my eternal felicity! But I cannot diſpoſe of myſelf; a promiſe exacted, and a conſent already given, are bars in my way. My mother has entered into engagements for me; how can

I break them without forfeiting my word, and failing in that reſpect and ſubmiſſion which I owe to Lady Lindſey?

This reſolution of preferring your duty to the inclination of your heart ſtill adds to my firſt eſteem of you, replied the Baronet; but were you not to marry Miſs Denby, are you not her father's heir, do you not enjoy an independent fortune? I do not, anſwered I; my father's will ſubjects me to the diſpoſal of my mother, and that of Sir William reinſtates her in the poſſeſſion of all the wealth he bequeaths me, if I diſobey her by my conduct. But it is not the expectation of an immenſe fortune which makes me ſo attentive to pleaſe her: it is her kind care, her goodneſs; my gratitude and friendſhip which forbid me to afflict her. Being born in an exalted rank, ſhe may poſſibly ſet too high a value on the ſplendour of titles, on dignities, and on the conſideration which greatneſs and wealth carry with them. She has taken meaſures to ſecure me an alliance with one of the firſt families in England, of that very family to whom

whom you are unfortunately become an enemy. Before my departure ſhe communicated her intentions to me: being then not pre-engaged in my affections, I approved them; I promiſed to obey, ſolemnly promiſed: into what a perplexity does this promiſe throw me, now become impoſſible to be fulfilled! My heart has already given itſelf; I adore Emma, never ſhall any other claim a right to a heart wholly hers, never ſhall any other receive the plighted faith which I ſwear between your hands, to preſerve for her eternally. But permit me to reconcile intereſts ſo dear, to truſt to time and future events for the happineſs I aſpire to: receive the word of a man true to his engagements; I repeat it, I will not grieve my mother, or openly withdraw myſelf from her authority on an occaſion the moſt important of my life, where probably ſhe may be the moſt ſolicitous to guide and direct my choice; but I may be able to elude the concluſion of a marriage, ſo contrary to my wiſhes, keep myſelf free, and by gentle methods bring about an alteration in Lady Lindſey's diſpoſitions, and induce her to

approve my own: and why ſhould I not hope that ſhe will deſire the happineſs of a ſon, the only object of all the affections of her heart.

Sir Edmund muſed, was ſilent, and ſeemed wrapt in meditation; then turning to me, holding out his arms, and preſſing me with tenderneſs, Oh my friend! my ſon! ſaid he, I rely on you; I confide to your honour the future fate of my dear Emma; you muſt be her huſband, you promiſe it me? I accept your oath. Do you fix the time when you ſhall ſee fitting to form a tie which heaven will not allow me to ſee confirmed. I approve of your ſentiments with regard to your mother; but I require you to give me your poſitive, formal, inviolable word, that you will not diſcover your intentions to my daughter till the moment you ſhall be free to give her your hand and to receive hers. My knowledge of her heart, and of her extreme ſenſibility obliges me to impoſe this law upon you, which I conjure you not to violate. May Emma in you find a friend, a protector, but never a lover: do not expoſe her

her to the torment of a tedious expectation, nor give her up to painful deſires, and to reſtleſs fears; vouchſafe, my dear Lindſey, vouchſafe to ſwear to me; add this one act of compliance to the many favours conferred on a dying friend. If you grant me this favour, I ſhall look on you as an angel of light come down into theſe regions to render the laſt moments of my life happy. I gave Sir Edmund my word; I ſwore to conform myſelf exactly to his wiſhes: how many times ſince have I reproached myſelf with this too binding promiſe, without daring to imagine myſelf at liberty to fail in my engagements.

A few days after this diſcourſe, the Baronet grew weaker. His daughter's alarms were augmented: ſhe never quitted her father's room; we united our aſſiduities in order to ſooth Sir Edmund's ſufferings, and we attended on him jointly. Oh! how are all thoſe moments preſent and dear to my memory. A ſtrange and unaccountable pleaſure was blended with my grief. I ſighed, I wept, it is true! but then I ſighed and

wept

wept with Emma; compaſſion, horror, a thouſand terrible emotions roſe in my ſoul, but then they were the emotions of Emma's ſoul which I felt in mine; ſtruck with the ſame objects, affected with the ſame ſorrow, the conformity of our ſenſations ſeemed to draw us near and bind us to each other; ſad but delightful moments, how I regret your gloomy and melancholy charms!

One evening, Sir Edmund entering into a long converſation with his daughter, after ſome time ſent to deſire I would come in, when I found Emma bathed in tears, and terror painted on her countenance; ſhe obſerved a penſive ſilence, interrupted only by the groans of an oppreſſed heart. Sir Edmund called me to him, took me by the hand, laid it on Miſs Neſby's, and preſſing them between his own; Oh! you, each the object of the laſt wiſhes of a father and of a dying friend, fulfil, ſaid he, faithfully fulfil your promiſes; you, Emma know on what condition you have juſt received my tendereſt bleſſing! If by a criminal diſobedience you ſhould dare—Trem-

ble, my daughter, tremble, a father's vengeance may extend beyond life; but I will not doubt of your heart: and you, Lindſey, forget not your oath; deceive not the expectation of a friend, whoſe confidence in you makes him deſcend peaceably to the grave. O, my dear children! may all the heavenly powers watch over you, ſhed bleſſings on your days; may they reward you Lindſey for rendering my death eaſy, I might call it happy, if your tears, and thoſe of my daughter did not trouble its comforting approaches!

Miſs Neſby could not ſupport theſe moving expreſſions; her eyes cloſed; ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on her father's boſom; they carried her from the room which ſhe was never to enter any more. Before ſhe came to herſelf, Sir Edmund expired in my arms, continuing ſtill to recommend her to my affection, honour, and protection.

I paid the father of Miſs Neſby all the duties which he could have expected from a ſon who revered him. His will, ſigned a

few

few days before, appointed me the guardian of his daughter, and ſole executor of his laſt deſires. I was greatly ſurpriſed at ſeveral articles in it; Emma's fortune was to remain in my hands, even after the time when the law allowed her to diſpoſe of it; ſhe was not to be miſtreſs of it, till ſhe ſettled; ſhe could not marry without my conſent, nor *even with my conſent*, any man born out of Great Britain. If ſhe did, he diſinherited her, and made her fortune over to Lady Walters, his mother's niece.

The ſale of his effects, added to the four thouſand pounds left at London, made up about nine thouſand in all; I admired the Baronet's attention to ſecure to his country ſo ſmall a ſum, and could not help being aſtoniſhed at the many precautions to prevent any ſtranger from enjoying it.

At a time when my heart being leſs taken up with one object, would have allowed me that liberty of mind which enables us to examine into the actions of others, and to explore and diſcover their cauſes, ſome very

very ſtriking circumſtances might have fixed my attention on the conduct and expreſſions of the Baronet. That mixture of careſſes, of reproaches, of threatenings to his daughter; thoſe conditional bleſſings, that excluſion of every foreigner, might have excited my ſuſpicions.—Happy, had I formed any; if led on by miſtruſt—I will not attack the memory of Sir Edmund, nor accuſe him of an intereſted diſſimulation, but he was acquainted with his daughter's engagements; he was acquainted with them, and was cruel enough to conceal them from me! Poſſibly he might fear to extinguiſh an ardour which gave him hopes of reinſtating Miſs Neſby in the rank he had forfeited for her, and poſſibly too he might fear making me a prey to tormenting jealouſy? He preſumed too much on a father's authority; he reckoned too much on oaths pronounced by a young timorous creature, who trembling before him whilſt ſhe ſubmitted to his commands, and ſwore to obey them, was ignorant of the force of thoſe ſentiments which ſhe promiſed to ſacrifice: doubtleſs Sir Edmund imagined her capable of getting

ing the better of them; he did not mean to deceive me, he was himſelf deceived by his own deſires; he wiſhed the happineſs of Emma, and of me; he fancied he had ſecured it.—Fatal error! the cauſe of all thoſe evils my heart ſtill groans for.

The moment Sir Edmund expired, I made Miſs Neſby an offer to conduct her to Charles Town; but ſhe preferred ſtaying at a ſmall houſe near the harbour, where ſhe intended to take an apartment with the mother of Helena, a young girl who attended on her. Being taken up all the morning with the care of her affairs, and with the preparations for our ſpeedy departure, I went to viſit her again in the evening. The deep diſtreſs I ſaw her give way to, moved me very ſenſibly: far from leſſening her grief, time ſeemed to augment it, and to make her tears flow every day more and more abundantly and bitterly. I ſtrove to ſooth her by partaking in her affliction, and mixing my tears with her's. She treated me with great goodneſs, and even with an attentive deference, and friendſhip: She

appeared

appeared ſenſible of my aſſiduity in ſerving and obliging her; but gave no ſigns of any ſtrong impreſſion it made on her.

After her affairs were ſettled, I went to agree for our paſſage on board a merchantman, when a lucky chance brought into Beauford harbour the Royal Briton, commanded by Captain Morgan, an excellent officer, who owed his promotion to my father. He was to ſet ſail in eight days time, and pleaſed with the thoughts of carrying me back to England, whither he was bound, he made me an offer of every accommodation in his power to procure me.

I acquainted Miſs Neſby in the evening, that a fine ſhip of war lay ready to carry her to her own country, and at the ſame time let her know the day fixed for her departure. I imagined her diſpoſed to leave Carolina without any difficulty. My expectation was cruelly deceived: ſhe looked at me, turned pale, and was in great uneaſineſs; ſet out ſo ſoon! ſaid ſhe ſeveral times, and folding

folding her hands, and reclining her head on her boſom, deluged it with tears.

So ſtrong a reluctance to a voyage which had been determined on ever ſince my arrival at her father's, occaſioned me as much ſurprize as vexation; I found myſelf incapable of laying any reſtraint on Miſs Neſby, or tearing her by violence from a place ſhe ſeemed ſo grieved to quit; but love did not extinquiſh the ſentiments of nature in my breaſt: what excuſe could be made for my ſtay at Carolina? Could I think of alarming my mother's fears and apprehenſions? And what could endear Carolina ſo much to Miſs Neſby, or attach her to places where ſhe was an alien? It was now ſix months ſince ſhe had lived in them without knowing or being known by any. I preſſed her in vain to explain to me the cauſe of her melancholy, and of her tears; ſhe continued to grieve the whole evening, and I was going out of her apartment in a ſtate of uneaſineſs and indeciſion, when Helena, who was preſent at our converſation, followed and ſtopped me.

This

This girl, who, though young, had a great deal of good ſenſe and reflection, was ſincerely attached to Miſs Neſby, and was beloved and even eſteemed by her. A preſent of three hundred guineas had juſt prevailed with her mother, who was burdened with a large family, to let her accompany Emma. She thanked me for a favour which ſecured to her the advantage of never quitting her miſtreſs, and lowering her voice, if you deſire the peace and happineſs of Miſs Neſby, ſaid ſhe, beware of ſhewing her too much complaiſance. You will never ſee her tears dried up whilſt ſhe inhabits this country. The ſight of various objects can alone divert her mind, and diſſipate her gloomy melancholy. Believe what I ſay, my Lord, but cōnceal from Miſs that I have preſumed to ſpeak to you; ſhe would blame my zeal, and might poſſibly miſtake the motives of it. I put ſeveral queſtions to the girl, ſhe anſwered me only by preſſing me to follow her advice, which I determined to do.

Oh what a conflict had I to prevail with myſelf to oppoſe the deſires of Emma! and

to

to uſe for once my authority to force her inclination: I was obliged to deprive myſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing her, as one ſingle prayer from her would have made my reſolution vaniſh. The time for our departure was at laſt come; Miſs Neſby ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to the harbour; ſhe embarked without complaining, without ſhewing any ſigns of the violent grief ſhe felt herſelf overwhelmed with; but her paleneſs, her ſilence, and her ſighs, ſufficiently expreſſed her ſorrow. As ſoon as the wind had carried us out to ſea, her tears began to flow: ſhe perſiſted in ſtaying on deck, ſupported by Helena and myſelf, fixed her eyes on thoſe lamented ſhores, and repeated a thouſand times over, Never, never ſhall I behold them more!

Scarce had we got three leagues off at ſea, when a boat, which came out of the harbour, ſeemed to give us chaſe: ſhe came down with ſails and oars. By her courſe and the ſignals ſhe made ſhe gave us to underſtand ſhe wanted to come up with us. Some of the crew began to joke, ſaying that

the

the veſſel chaſed us, and was coming to fight us; and ſetting up a loud laugh, called out to prepare for action. This noiſy mirth of the ſailors obliged Emma to quit the deck, and to retire with Helena. I ſaw trouble on her countenance, and attributed it to the ribaldry ſhe had juſt heard.

Soon after the boat came up with us. When near enough to be heard, a young man, who ſeemed to command the men who ſtood round him, aſked to ſpeak with the captain. He begged him to grant him a paſſage on board his ſhip; that having been told it too late, he had miſſed an opportunity of coming to Beauford the evening before. Captain Morgan ſtarted ſeveral difficulties, and aſked him a great many queſtions. By the anſwers he made, the young man diſcovered he was ſo vexed and provoked at the ſtate of uncertainty in which the Captain's irreſolution left him, that I added my intreaties to his. The conditions being propoſed and accepted, he had a paſſage granted for himſelf and two of his people. The boatmen were preparing to bring to, when

a-

a little guſt of wind riſing all on a ſudden, drove off the boat, and parted us. The moment ſhe was got at ſome diſtance, the young man raiſed a moſt piercing cry, and threw himſelf headlong into the ſea.

This raſh action made me cry out with ſurprize and horror. I offered twenty guineas to any who would go to his aſſiſtance, and thirty more if they ſaved his life. Encouraged by the hope of gain, four ſailors threw themſelves into the ſea, fortunately they perceived the object of my compaſſion riſe, buffetting the waves, and ſtriving to ſwim towards us. One of the ſailors laid hold of him by his hair, the others by his cloaths, and overjoyed at the ſucceſs of their enterprize, came in a triumphant manner to claim the recompence of their zeal.

The gentleman who had eſcaped ſo great a danger was entirely ſenſeleſs. He was about twenty years old: his youth, the beauty of his features, and the dangers he had undergone, mingled a degree of compaſſion with the curioſity he excited. They quick-

ly

ly gave him all the aſſiſtance requiſite in his ſituation. Every body thronged about him; impatiently waiting when he ſhould recover the uſe of his ſenſes. At laſt he opened his eyes, caſt looks of wonder on the croud who ſtrove to get ſight of him, but fixed them on me; doubtleſs perceiving in my countenance a compaſſion either more tender or more ſtrongly marked: he ſtretched out his arms towards me in ſo affecting a manner, that my heart was ſenſibly moved at it. I ſpoke to him, he would have anſwered me, but looking once more round him, he cried out, Good God! where am I, or what have I done! his tears then found vent, and their abundance ſtopped his voice.

As ſoon as he was able to ſpeak, he aſked whether his people would be long before they brought to; they ſoon convinced him of the impoſſibility of the return of the boat. On hearing this his affliction was redoubled. The manner in which he had been ſeparated from his company left him in want of every neceſſary; his greateſt diſtreſs was to

get other clothes. I intreated him to be at eaſe on that head; as our ſize and make were much alike, I offered to ſupply him with whatever he wanted; the captain perceiving the concern I took in the ſtranger, left him intirely to my care: while they were preparing a proper place for him, I led him into my cabin, got him ſome linen; had his hair dried, and himſelf put to bed: after taking ſome ſmall refreſhment, his extreme fatigue ſoon threw him into a dead ſleep. I ordered John my valet de chambre not to leave him, and when he ſhould awake to furniſh him with every thing neceſſary to dreſs.

Impatient to ſee Miſs Neſby, I went to her apartment. She ſeemed leſs afflicted, but in great agitation of ſpirits, and even in a ſort of confuſion. Helena, who was ſomewhat ſea-ſick, thought herſelf dying; I attributed the diſorder of her good-natured miſtreſs to the complaints and ſituation of her maid; I comforted them both with regard to this tranſient inconvenience. We afterwards ſpoke of the event in which the

the crew had ſo great a ſhare. I let Miſs Neſby know the concern I felt in behalf of this young ſtranger. She heard my account of it with a great deal of attention, muſed for a moment, caſt down her eyes, then lifting them on me, and looking with a melting air, How noble and humane is your heart my lord, ſaid ſhe; this man is very happy if he finds a friend in you.

Theſe words gave me inexpreſſible pleaſure. They aſſured me of the good opinion of a perſon whoſe eſteem I moſt paſſionately deſired. I congratulated myſelf for having met with an opportunity of hearing from her own mouth ſuch pleaſing expreſſions: and Nelſon, though before only the object of my humanity, now approved by my charming ward, was ſo far from appearing indebted to my compaſſion, that he ſeemed to demand my eternal gratitude.

After two hours very unquiet ſleep, the ſtranger waked. John aſked him, whether he would pleaſe to riſe; he conſented, and ſeemed to accept his attendance with great compoſure. Whilſt they were aſſiſting him

in dreſſing, he enquired my name, and the rank I held in my country. On ſatisfying his curioſity, John perceived him to turn pale, fold his hands, lift up his eyes to heaven in an attitude of deſpair, throw himſelf on a ſeat, hide his face, and preſently after heard him weep and groan, as if his heart were ready to break.

I came in that moment. Surpriſed and moved to ſee him in that condition, I took him by the hand, and preſſing it in mine, entreated he would entruſt me with the cauſe of his grief. He fixed his eyes on me with a melancholy air, haſtily withdrew his hand, and turning aſide his head; Leave me, for heaven's ſake, leave me, ſaid he, your compaſſion completes my diſtreſs.

This action and his ſtrange diſcourſe made me apprehend the loſs of his reaſon. I conjured him to tell me how he could reckon among the number of his diſtreſſes that natural ſentiment which induced me to pity him, and to wiſh to be of ſervice to him? He made me no anſwer; I inſiſted: Oh! you

you tear my heart, cried he, you pierce it with a thouſand daggers! Why did you ſave my life? What concern could you take in preſerving a wretch? Your kindneſs conſtrains, humbles, afflicts, and torments me. Why did I not periſh in the midſt of the waves, from which your cruel compaſſion has reſcued me! Why, why did you lay me under ſuch obligations?

The oddneſs of his reproaches confirmed me in the notion that his reaſon was impaired. I felt a real uneaſineſs at it. I endeavoured to compoſe the agitation of his ſpirits; I offered him aſſiſtance and comfort, and begged his confidence; I ſwore to do him all the ſervice that he could expect from an old and tender friend.

From a friend! repeated he in an impatient accent; what, always the ſport of a cruel deſtiny! inceſſantly croſſed in my purpoſes, in my moſt ardent wiſhes! While hatred, fury, hope of vengeance, alone ſupport and animate my ſad exiſtence,

am I invited to repoſe confidence, to maintain friendſhip. Oh great God! is it then a friend whom I ſought.

It was eaſy to ſee that ſome violent uneaſineſs diſturbed the mind of this man, who was doubtleſs unfortunate. His ſighs, his tears inſenſibly ſubdued his fury; my endearing expreſſions appeaſed him; he ſeemed aſhamed of his paſſion; he was beginning to apologize for it to me, when word was brought him, that a ſmall cabin, near mine, had been cleared and prepared for his reception. He begged me to allow him to retire to it for a ſhort time. I conſented, on condition that he returned in an hour to drink tea with me; he promiſed me he would: I ſuffered him to withdraw, recommending it to John to obſerve his motions, and not to let him be out of his ſight.

He came back at the time appointed, and accoſted me with that eaſy and polite addreſs, characteriſtic of people above the common level. He aſked me pardon for any expreſſions he might have let drop in his fit.

fit of madneſs, which he remembered to his confuſion. A very unfortunate accident had formerly, he told me, made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on his ſenſes, that on the leaſt cauſe of agitation, he was ſeized with the fits I had been witneſs to. He added thanks to his apologies, called me his deliverer, and begged me to forget he had ever preſumed to reproach me with my good offices.

While he was ſpeaking, the noble gracefulneſs of his perſon, the choice of his expreſſions, an air of ſenſibility, which rendered his gratitude animated and moving, affected me, and augmented the inclination I felt to love and ſerve him. We ſat down to tea. My deſign was to induce him to diſcover himſelf to me. Every thing beſpoke the ſingularity of his diſpoſition and fortune; various emotions were painted on his countenance. I could ſee in it uneaſineſs, conſtraint, and vexation. I queſtioned him in vain: his ſhort and reſerved anſwers gave ſmall ſigns of his repoſing any confidence in me, and all thoſe motives which commonly

induce men to open their hearts, appeared to have no force on him.

None of my queſtions gained me the deſired confidence: What, ſaid I, will you conceal from me who you are? Will you refuſe to diſcover to me the cauſe of that eagerneſs to ſail for Europe, which made you hazard your life, and put it in evident danger, doubtleſs for fear of loſing your paſſage. Motives very urgent muſt have determined you to ſo raſh an action. What object drives you to England? A voyage undertaken with ſo much ardour can doubtleſs have no common motive, and it cannot be mere curioſity which carries you to our climes.

He coloured, ſeemed to waver, and to be in great perplexity; he ſighed. I ſaw the tears ſtand ready to trickle down his cheeks; I offered him my hand; you are ſilent, ſaid I; you ſeem to fear confiding in a man whom a tender concern alone induces to wiſh to ſearch into your ſecrets. Poſſibly I may be able to ſerve you; but if I cannot

mitigate

mitigate your afflictions, you will at leaſt find that I can feel them, partake in them, and pity you. So much goodneſs fills me with gratitude, ſaid he, in an accent which diſcovered great emotion. My ſilence may prejudice me in your eſteem, and perhaps my ſincerity might deſtroy the favourable diſpoſition of your heart.

Notwithſtanding the ſmall difference in our age, you appear to me ſo reaſonable, that an imprudent, indiſcreet, and paſſionate man cannot, without confuſion, permit you to look into his ſoul. And what could you read there? Paſſions, of which yours is not ſuſceptible, or which at leaſt are more under your command. And yet my Lord, I have nothing to diſcover, which can make me unworthy, in my own eyes, the favours you load me with, and the valuable title of your friend.

" My name is Nelſon; I am deſcended " from one of thoſe noble Engliſh families " who, not liking their firſt ſettlements, " paſſed from Virginia to Carolina, in the

" reign of Charles II. My father was
" poſſeſſed of rich plantations on Aſhley
" river. My mother died in child-bed of
" me, and I was ſtill in my cradle when I
" loſt my father. Mr. Hervey, my mater-
" nal uncle, was appointed my guardian,
" at his own deſire; I was bred up under
" his eye, and he himſelf ſuperintended my
" education, but though he was too kind
" and indulgent perhaps, during my child-
" hood, he grew ſevere and imperious when
" I had attained that age which gentle me-
" thods and a friendly familiarity are ſurer
" guides than a haughty auſterity.

" As he was of a whimſical, ſuſpicious,
" covetous, turbulent diſpoſition, he loved
" nobody; he lived almoſt alone; his nar-
" row ſoul would never allow him to taſte
" the ſweets of ſociety; in order to give
" me an averſion to it, he repreſented it
" under the falſeſt colours. Being contra-
" dicted in my inclinations, and cramped
" in all my ſteps, deprived of all the a-
" muſements calculated to relax the mind
" from a continual application to ſtudy,

" I

" I became ſullen and unſociable; my
" haſty temper made conſtraint inſupport-
" able to me; vexation and ſolitude ſoured
" my humour; every thing was a fatigue
" to me; every thing diſguſted me: before
" I became acquainted with the pleaſures
" of life, I was thinking how to free my-
" ſelf from its troubles, when new ſenti-
" ments changed the diſpoſition of my
" mind: theſe taught me to value and che-
" riſh my being, and to look on it as a
" thing of real value: an heavenly girl a-
" bout that time came to reſide in our
" neighbourhood. At the ſight of her, my
" heart opened itſelf to deſire and hope;
" my ideas were enlarged; I formed pro-
" jects; I felt pleaſure expanding in my
" ſoul; I had a foretaſte of happineſs.—
" Flattering illuſions, whither are ye fled!
" How could emotions ſo pleaſing produce
" ſuch bitter ſenſations?—Oh my Lord,
" pardon, he repeated with a kind of con-
" fuſion, pardon, nor deſpiſe my weakneſs;
" I weep, it is true, but it is no frivolous
" attachment which makes my tears to
" flow; it is not a miſtreſs whom I regret,

" it is a wife, united to me by the deareſt
" ties of marriage; I have loſt her, ſhe is for
" ever torn from me; it is beyond the power
" of love, beyond the power of fate to make
" me happy! Pardon me, continued he, if
" I decline entering into a minute account
" of circumſtances unworthy your atten-
" tion; how ſhould I keep within the
" bounds of moderation in relating the
" particulars of a paſſion too ſtrong and
" too ardent? Nor time, nor my ſuffer-
" ings, nor the loſs of all my hopes have
" been able to leſſen its force; and to com-
" plete my misfortune, I have prepared the
" way to the keeneſt repentance for having
" deſtroyed my happineſs, by an indiſcreet
" deſire to haſten the moment, when I was
" within the reach of poſſibly enjoying it.

" Though endued with a thouſand ta-
" lents and virtues, the object of my ten-
" derneſs was little favoured with the goods
" of fortune; I was pleaſed with this cir-
" cumſtance: I perceived for the firſt time
" the value of riches, which I could em-
" ploy in contributing to the happineſs of

" an

" an amiable girl, whoſe heart was ſoften-
" ed by my aſſiduous attention, and by the
" generous expreſſions of my paſſion. Her
" mother conſented to our union; my hap-
" pineſs depended on my uncle: I trembled
" to diſcover my inclination to him. But
" what was my ſurprize and joy to ſee him
" liſten to me without anger, and when I
" received from his own mouth the aſſur-
" rance of entire liberty in my choice.
" Deteſtable treaſon, the cauſe of all my
" misfortunes! For that very night a band
" of ſoldiers, let into my room by that inhu-
" man parent dragged me from the arms of
" ſleep, carried me off, and put me on board
" a frigate, which immediately ſet ſail:
" all my cries and reſiſtance were to no pur-
" poſe. In vain I would have engaged
" the mercileſs men to return towards
" the dear ſhores from whence they had
" removed me; neither my promiſes, nor
" my prayers, nor my threats could pre-
" vail on them. I was carried to a Spa-
" niſh garriſon. The governor, an old
" friend of my uncle, received me with
" great civility; I met with a profuſion of
" kindneſs

" kindneſs and good treatment; but how
" could I reliſh all this when my liberty
" was taken from me, when I had been ſe-
" parated from all I loved, when I was
" ignorant of the ſtate of my charming
" friend, and could not poſſibly acquaint
" her with mine?

" Ten months ſpent during this ſtate
" of dependance and uncertainty, plunged
" me anew into that dark melancholy which
" love had diſſipated. Deſperate projects,
" and fatal deſigns inceſſantly filled my
" imagination: my eaſieſt moments were
" thoſe when, being determined to put a
" period to my exiſtence, I addreſſed many
" a ſad farewel to her whom my ſoul ador-
" ed: by degrees I melted, my tears found
" vent, and eaſed the weight of my ſuffer-
" ings; they ſuſpended my cruel and bloody
" reſolutions. I painted to myſelf the a-
" gonies I was preparing for the boſom of
" a tender weak woman; how would ſhe
" hear it, ſaid I, and hear it repeated that her
" Henry was no more; ſhe would cry out,
" Nelſon himſelf has broken the bonds

" which

" which kept us together! I figured to
" myſelf her grief, her cries, and her deſ-
" pair; if I could not bear being deprived
" of the ſight of her, how could I think
" ſhe could ſupport our eternal ſeparation?
" —How often has this fear of afflicting
" her beyond meaſure with-held my hand?
" How often, my eyes all bathed in tears,
" have I cried out: Oh! my ſoul's divini-
" ty, I will live for thee, ſooner ſuffer for
" ever, than call up for one moment the
" groans of thy heart!

" A ray of hope at laſt diſpelled theſe
" gloomy ideas; I was told my captivity
" drew near an end. The fort was no
" longer a priſon to me; I was allowed the
" liberty to go out of it, to extend my ex-
" curſions to the neighbouring iſlands, and
" to take the diverſion of hunting. I was
" ſupplied with as much money as I pleaſed
" to aſk for. A letter from my uncle con-
" firmed the governor's words. I ſhould
" know one day, ſaid he, from what a dan-
" ger his prudence had preſerved me, and
" the ſnare which artifice had laid for my
" youth,

" youth, my credulity, and my ſimplicity
" of heart. Uneaſy, and alarmed by theſe
" inſinuations, I immediately wrote to her
" whoſe conſtancy and fidelity I began to
" doubt. I bought a ſlave, and engaged
" him by motives of intereſt to ſerve me
" with zeal; I promiſed him his liberty,
" and an eaſy ſettlement, if he ſpeedily de-
" livered my letter, and returned with ſtill
" greater diſpatch: he embarked, and my
" heart followed him during the whole
" voyage. I began ſoon to count the mo-
" ments of his abſence; I forgot that his
" return depended on the winds and ſeas;
" I accuſed him of ſlowneſs; I believed
" myſelf betrayed; my impatience leſſened
" the diſtance in my eyes, and my eager
" deſire lengthened out the time. My
" ſlave, who was both faithful and diligent,
" arrived at laſt; I flew to meet him; he
" delivered me a letter; I knew the writing
" of that adored hand; I preſſed to my lips
" thoſe lines whoſe ſight charmed all my
" afflictions. Alas! while I was reading
" them, a ſad ſurprize made my blood run
" cold in my veins, and gave me up to

" horror

" horror and deſpair. She, who had given
" me her heart, who had plighted her faith
" to me, renounced my paſſion and myſelf!
" She told me, ſwore to me, ſhe loved me,
" yet commanded me to forget her: begged
" me to think of her no more, to baniſh
" her from my memory; that ſhe was not
" deſtined to the happineſs of completing
" my wiſhes; that they were carrying her
" away far from thoſe places which I was
" to inhabit, and whither I was not to be
" recalled till ſhe was gone: that ſhe was
" ſoon to loſe ſight of them; that ſhe
" mourned her fate; that ſhe was com-
" pelled to free me from my oaths, and
" to diſengage me from every tie which at-
" tached me to her; that ſhe was order-
" ed, was required to do it; that ſhe was
" forced to ſubmit, and did ſet me free from
" every obligation; but that, faithful to
" her firſt inclinations, ſhe will ever pre-
" ſerve the remembrance of the only man
" whoſe love ſhe wiſhed for; that her hand
" ſhould never be given to any; that ſhe
" will love me in her heart; that ſhe bid
" me an eternal farewel, but that the traces

" of

" of her tears had almoſt effaced theſe her laſt
" ſad words which ſhe knew muſt rend my
" heart.

" To loſe her, to loſe her for ever! To
" renounce a girl of ſo noble and generous
" a ſoul as to diſengage me from my oaths,
" and ſtill preſerve her plighted faith! They
" tear her, they remove her from me! Oh!
" how, how ſupport this cruel blow? En-
" couraged at laſt by the certainty of being
" beloved, and by the hopes of preventing
" the misfortunes I feared, I privately made
" ſure of a light veſſel, which I armed with
" all ſpeed; I went on board this crazy
" bark, my money encouraged the ſailors,
" but contrary winds put me out of my
" courſe; ten ſeveral times was I forced to
" put back, did I find myſelf ſtopped by
" calms, or driven back by ſtorms: at laſt
" I diſcovered the port to which all my
" wiſhes tended; the rocks hid my boat
" from the ſight of the people on ſhore. I
" was kindly received by a friend, who
" concealed me from every eye, and under-
" took to acquaint with my arrival, her

" whoſe

" whoſe promiſes I was come to claim; ſhe
" conſented to ſee me and to ſpeak to me.
" I was introduced into the garden in the
" dead of the night: my prayers, and my
" tears obtained every thing from love, and
" determined the amiable girl to unite her-
" ſelf for ever with the lover who adored
" her. At the firſt dawn of day, ſhe fol-
" lowed me trembling; I led her to the
" church where a miniſter was waiting in
" order to authorize and ſanctify my happy
" temerity. Already our hearts and hands
" were united; already heaven was hearken-
" ing to our oaths; the voice of the charm-
" ing miſtreſs of my ſoul was ready to pro-
" nounce her vows to love me for ever,
" when her parents, followed by a number
" of armed men, forced open the door;
" her mother ſeized her, and would have
" forced her from my arms; I held her,
" they ſurrounded me, preſſed upon me,
" and at laſt ſeparated us: I was immedi-
" ately attacked by a number of ſlaves; I
" drove the miſcreants to a diſtance, they
" fell, and overthrowing each other, I
" opened myſelf a paſſage, and holding out

" my

" my arms had almoſt reached my diſmay-
" ed girl; when a reſolute fellow threw
" himſelf between her and me; incenſed at
" that action, I aimed a blow at him, when
" my ſword glancing aſide, pierced the breaſt
" of an unfortunate woman.—Oh! why
" did I not die before that fatal moment?"
—Here he pauſed, and hanging down his head, hid his face, whilſt his tears and ſighs ſtopped his voice.

Struck with his misfortune, and filled with horror and pity, I blamed myſelf for having made him re-trace ſo affecting an event. Alas! who could then have foretold to me that I ſhould one day feel the ſame agony under which I ſaw him labour? I pitied Nelſon; my tears and expreſſions convinced him how much I was moved at his ſtory, and at the irreparable loſs which cauſed his juſt regret. He looked at me, and appearing to muſe for a moment, caſt down his eyes, then raiſing them towards me: how ſoothing to my heart is your compaſſion, ſaid he in an affectionate accent: you afford me comforting ideas, and a flattering,

tering hope, if however it is poſſible to imagine, to think — He pauſed, and reſuming:

" Allow me, ſaid he, to proceed no far-
" ther at preſent; do not oblige me to en-
" tertain you with an account of my tem-
" porary madneſs. Having eſcaped from a
" cloſe priſon where my uncle kept me,
" I was determined to fly from his tyranny,
" and from thoſe countries which could no
" longer afford me the view of the object of
" all my ſoul's deſires. I brought away
" with me in ingots of gold, a ſum ſuffi-
" cient to procure me an eaſy ſubſiſtance in
" England, where I wiſh to ſpend the re-
" mainder of my days; my impatience, and
"precipitation have expoſed me to neceſſi-
" ties, and reduced me to a ſtate of depen-
" dence, at leaſt for ſome time; but, if I
" am under the neceſſity of contracting ſuch
" great obligations, I eſteem myſelf happy
" in meeting with a benefactor, whoſe diſ-
" tinguiſhed qualities equally invite my
" friendſhip and gratitude."

Theſe

Theſe laſt words, pronounced with an air of frankneſs and nobleneſs, affected me exceedingly. I embraced Nelſon, I begged he would look on me as a friend and brother, and be under no manner of concern as to his ſtay in England. During the reſt of the converſation, he loſt that gloomy air which clouded a countenance full of ſenſe and fire. As he grew calmer and more open, he enquired what buſineſs had brought me to Carolina. I ſatisfied his curioſity, without however acquainting him with the preſent ſituation of my mind. I was determined to conceal my paſſion for my ward, and ſpoke only in general of my eſteem and friendſhip for her.

That very evening I informed Miſs Neſby of the particulars which regarded Nelſon. She ſeemed to intereſt herſelf greatly on hearing that ſhort narrative. I aſked her whether ſhe knew him, and whether ſhe had ever heard of that adventure, or could give any further eclairciſſements, which I could not preſume to aſk of one whoſe violent affliction required to be treated with ſome tenderneſs.

She remained ſome little time without anſwering me. I never heard of the name of Nelſon, ſaid ſhe at length, but never lifted up her eyes towards me. I pity him you ſpeak of: I think his ſituation very afflicting, and his condition deplorable. It is a great misfortune to entertain an inclination capable of laying us under the diſpleaſure of thoſe, whom the laws have authoriſed to approve or condemn the affections of our ſouls. Though they are obliged by nature to protect, to cheriſh, and to make us happy, yet if our heart diſpoſes of itſelf without their conſent, they ſeem to forget their former tenderneſs, and to be gnorant that it is not in our power to love or hate at their pleaſure; and too often they puniſh us cruelly for an involuntary reſiſtance!

Emma pronounced this reflection with ſo ſorrowful an air, that I have ſince wondered an hundred times how ſhe came not to awaken my ſuſpicions. But when we entertain no miſtruſt, if we happen to obſerve the looks or expreſſions of a woman we love, it is with ſo ſtrong a diſpoſition to give

give them a favourable interpretation, that ſhe may for a long time impoſe on us, ſhould the ſmalleſt intereſt induce her to diſguiſe her thoughts; neither the time, nor the circumſtances ſuffered me to diſcover in this diſcourſe of Emma, any thing beſides her good ſenſe, and her compaſſion for two lovers, whoſe parents had occaſioned their misfortune.

Next day, I introduced Nelſon to my charming ward. She received him with ſome ſeeming indifference; at firſt he ſeemed under a kind of conſtraint in her preſence. But, by degrees, a pleaſing, agreeable freedom prevailed among us. Whilſt the voyage laſted, I had no occaſion to regret any of thoſe amuſements I was deprived of. Oh! what pleaſure can be compared to that activity of the ſoul, excited and kept up by friendſhip and love! Do we feel any want of amuſements when we love? The deſire of pleaſing and obliging ſo fully employs all our moments! Oh, period of my life, whoſe remembrance is ſtill dear to me, how happy did I think myſelf!

I fan-

I fancied myſelf the diſpoſer of the fate of two perſons who ſhared the ſtrongeſt affections of my heart—O cruel both! why did the miſtruſt of the one, and the timidity of the other force me to lament for ever my want of penetration with all its dreadful conſequences? Unfortunate Henry! Unhappy Emma? Why were your hearts ſhut to me? How could you doubt the tenderneſs, and I may preſume to ſay, the generoſity of mine? Oh, Monglas, Oh my prudent friend! do not form a wrong idea of my ſentiments; I weep not a woman torn from my love, from my deſires; I regret not the pleaſure I looked to enjoy in her company, and in her charms: no, it is not love, it is compaſſion, it is friendſhip which ſtill draw the groans of ſorrow from me! Happy, a thouſand times happy, if, though deprived of Emma, and ſeeing her in the arms of another, I could ſay to myſelf, ſhe lives, ſhe owes to me her happineſs; I have facrificed mine to her.

As we were drawing near the coaſts of Great Britain, I began to conſider of the means to conceal from my mother the know-

ledge of thoſe engagements I had entered into in Carolina. As ſhe was connected with a family the irreconcilable enemies of Sir Edmund, could I introduce to her the daughter of a baniſhed man, who was deteſted by the houſe to which ſhe meant to ally me? On the point of ſeeing myſelf under the diſagreeable neceſſity of oppoſing her inclinations, to preſent Emma to her then, would it not be to diſcover the motive of my reſiſtance, and to expoſe the cauſe of it to her diſdain and hatred? My promiſe obliged me to place Miſs Neſby under the care of Lady Walters: but before this could be done, I muſt be ſure whether that Lady ſtill reſided at York, and whether ſhe was diſpoſed to receive her relation: on this ſuppoſition I wiſhed to conduct Miſs Neſby thither in perſon. I could not eaſily remove far from London during the firſt days after my arrival; I therefore thought how to procure my ward a proper place to retire to, where ſhe might be agreeably lodged till the time for her ſetting out for the country. I had a friend in London, whoſe name was Mrs. Howard: I determined on her houſe,

as

as I knew ſhe was very deſirous of obliging me.

This lady, born with great advantages, poſſeſſed the ſecret to preſerve them. Having paſſed the prime of youth, it was her whole ſtudy and endeavour to make herſelf agreeable at that time of life, when gaiety, evenneſs of temper, and good nature ſo well ſupply the place of thoſe charms which every day leſſen in the fair ſex. Her chief pleaſure conſiſted in a ſelect ſociety. Having been introduced at her houſe, I had been lucky enough to be able to ſerve two perſons for whom ſhe had a great regard: ſhe ſought ſome opportunity to ſhew me her gratitude, and I made no doubt but that ſhe would gladly receive into her houſe, a ſtranger for whom I intereſted myſelf ſo warmly; I found I was not deceived in my expectation.

When I arrived in London, my mother had juſt ſet out for Bath: her abſence from town made it eaſy for me to take every meaſure neceſſary for my peace of

mind. Mrs. Howard, who had long retired from court, was little known to Lady Lindſey: different connexions, and amuſements of a different kind, prevented their meeting often. As for Nelſon, nothing induced me to conceal my friendſhip for him. Before we ſet out for Bath, I obliged him to accept of a ſum of money, which I told him was at his ſervice. It was not without extreme reluctance he conſented to accept it. Though he was certain of one day repaying theſe trifling obligations, he bluſhed to receive the ſums advanced him. His noble ſpirit did not injure him in my opinion, but it vexed me: I loved him too much not to wiſh he had ſhewn himſelf more ſincere and open with me.

During the journey, Nelſon ſeemed very much dejected. I was not leſs ſo myſelf. I had not yet felt that uneaſineſs, that langour, which abſence and the loſs of an agreeable connexion inſpires. I beſought Nelſon not to mention my ward before Lady Lindſey. Without entruſting him with my ſentiments for to her, I only

diſcovered

diſcovered my fears of raiſing ſuſpicions in my mother concerning my attachment to the intereſts of that young creature.

With what an afflicting ſurpriſe did I feel myſelf ſeized when I caſt myſelf at Lady Lindſey's feet, and when I embraced her affectionately! This excellent mother had enjoined every body not to acquaint me with her diſorder; ſhe even ſtrove to hide it from me: but her weak emaciated ſtate of body, already foretold the dreadful decay occaſioned by a conſumption. The pleaſure of ſeeing me ſeemed to revive her, and to give her new hopes of a recovery. She received Nelſon as the friend of a darling ſon. Wholly taken up with her ſituation, ſhe appeared to me entirely unconcerned about all the ambitious projects ſhe had formed before my departure. Far from the thoughts of engaging me in any tie, ſhe ſeemed to rejoice at my being free: ſenſibly affected with my aſſiduities, and charmed with my attention, my care, and my dutiful behaviour, ſhe told all who came to ſee

her, that ſhe ſhould think herſelf happy to poſſeſs the entire tenderneſs of her ſon, and to have no rival in his heart.

She ſpent the remaining part of the ſeaſon at Bath: my duty made it a law to me not to quit her. I kept up a correſpondence with Mrs. Howard, and I learned from her that Miſs Neſby preferred ſolitude to all the amuſements which ſeemed calculated by their novelty to excite her curioſity. Being continually ſhut up with Helena, ſhe never quitted her apartment but when civility obliged her to go to Mrs. Howard's: ſhe diſcovered a great deſire to retire as ſoon as the company began to aſſemble; or if ſhe yielded to her intreaties, and ſtaid, it was viſible in her eyes that it was a confinement to her. However, ſhe lent an obliging attention to the converſation, ſpoke little, but with ſo much ſweetneſs, propriety, and grace, that her friends could not without great reluctance ſuffer her to abandon herſelf to that love of retirement which deprived ſociety of a perſon born to be its ornament and delight.

As

As ſoon as I had received information from York, I wrote to Miſs Neſby. Lady Walters did not live there at that time. Having ſix months before paſſed over into France, ſhe actually reſided at Niſmes, hoping to receive ſome benefit in an aſthmatic complaint. Her return depended on the good effects ſhe hoped to receive from her abode in the ſouth of France.

I ſaw with pleaſure the continuance of Miſs Neſby in London, without having cauſe to reproach myſelf with making any alteration in her father's diſpoſitions. Mrs. Howard congratulated herſelf on not being parted from her lovely companion, and my ward wrote me word, that being attached to this Lady by the ties of eſteem and gratitude, ſhe would very willingly live with her till the return of Lady Walters.

Being ſatisfied with this aſſurance, I divided my cares between my mother and Nelſon. On examining the ſingular character of this planter, I found it impoſſible to account for the principles and

motives of a thouſand contradictions which appeared in it. His ſituation ſeemed rather calculated to plunge him into melancholy, than excite emotions of impatience and fury: he ſeemed to be leſs dejected by the remembrance of ſome paſt event, than tormented by preſent ſufferings: A perpetual inequality of humour marked all his moments. He fled from the ſight of every body: and often for whole days together would ſhun even me: in vain would I have engaged him to ſeek conſolation in my friendſhip; he was unacquainted with this food of the mind, this ſweet intercourſe of ſentiment ſo neceſſary to a tender diſpoſition. Moved with his condition I preſſed him to communicate to me the ſubject of what lay ſo near his heart. He bluſhed, kept ſilence, or if he ever ſpoke it was in broken words, or exclamations of grief. Sometimes he reproached me bitterly. Why did you not let me periſh in the midſt of the waves, ſaid he to me, in a harſh tone, and with a wild look? Why did you ſnatch me from the jaws of death? You have thrown away your kindneſs on a wretched being; on a madman,

whoſe

whoſe brutality muſt tire out your friend-ſhip; poſſibly you may repent having pre-ſerved, having loved me: Oh! you know not all the torments which rend my ſoul.

A heart ſo little capable of yielding to the ſolicitations of friendſhip, might have ſhocked mine; but attributing this kind of ferocity to his education, and to the violence of his grief, it vexed without angering me: I was in hopes that time and diſſipation might produce their wonted effect on his mind; I propoſed ſoftening his angry temper, by gentleneſs and complaiſance. His preſent ſituation, and the need he ſtood in of aſſiſtance, contributed to render me indulgent; ſome eſtimable qualities made amends in my eyes for the momentary roughneſs of his diſpoſition: far from perſiſting in my deſire to penetrate into what he wiſhed to conceal, I made it a law to myſelf, never to put one ſingle queſtion to him; but neither my aſſiduity, nor the inexpreſſible beauties of the place, nor the various amuſements of Bath could calm his uneaſineſs, or diminiſh his gloomy ſadneſs.

My mother recovered her health ſo as to be able to return to London. With what delight did I reviſit Miſs Neſby! how difficult did I find it to repreſs my joy of heart, and to hide the pleaſing emotion of my ſenſes: yet every thing ſtill conſpired to force me to that irkſome conſtraint. I owed ſo much deference to Lady Lindſey: My reſpect for her and prudence alike required me to hold my peace. If I confeſſed my love, could I remain long maſter of it? Could I keep ſo ſtrong a paſſion within bounds? Would not the ſlighteſt hope of a return of my paſſion carry me beyond the limits I had preſcribed to myſelf? Would it not render my deſires more ardent, and my expectation more painful? Sometimes I fancied I perceived in the looks of that charming girl—Oh! let me not recall that fatal error! It contributed but too much perhaps to ſhut my eyes to her true ſentiments.

The title of guardian authoriſed me to procure Miſs Neſby every thing that could pleaſe her fancy: no body knew the ſtate of her fortune; nor was ſhe herſelf acquainted

quainted with the narrowneſs of it. The four thouſand pounds I was to have received at London, and which had been entruſted to a merchant, were confounded with the reſt of the immenſe debts of that man, who had fled from the purſuit of his creditors. He had juſt quitted the kingdom when I arrived at London. Nelſon was with me at the banker's, where I heard the news of it; I deſired him to be ſilent on an event which I intended to conceal from my ward. I took a pleaſure in making her live with a certain elegance, and to ſee her wear thoſe ornaments which the advanced ſtate of her mourning now admitted. I laid hold of the ſlighteſt pretences to amuſe her with diverſions; and I enjoyed the inexpreſſible pleaſure of beſtowing my gifts on the moſt lovely object, and the ſweet ſatisfaction of obliging, without ſeeming to claim any return of gratitude.

Part of the winter paſſed without occaſioning any alteration in my ſituation; but the cloſe of it revived my apprehenſions. On the recovery of her ſtrength,

my mother came nearer to the court, and inſenſibly returned to her former ideas. My Lord Portland, whoſe daughter ſhe intended for me, was then Viceroy of Ireland, and reſided at Dublin with his whole family. But growing weary of the place, he deſired, and obtained to be recalled, and gave notice of his ſpeedy return to London. My mother ſeemed highly pleaſed at this; and ſpoke of it as an event, which ought both to intereſt and pleaſe me. I began to be under the greateſt uneaſineſs. What objection could I make to this ſo ſuitable an alliance? Had I not already conſented to the meaſures of Lady Lindſey? How could I attempt to fruſtrate them without ſome apparent reaſons for my diſapproving them? How ſupport the thought of provoking her, and wounding her heart with ſo cruel a blow? There were times when, being moved with her goodneſs, and hoping every thing from her tenderneſs, I was for opening my whole heart to her, confeſſing my love, preſenting Emma to her, throwing myſelf at her feet, and ſaying, You wiſh my happineſs,

Oh!

Oh! condeſcend to ſecure it by granting me this beloved woman; let me hold her from a mother's hand, and all the wiſhes of my heart will be completed!

Being a thouſand times on the point of purſuing theſe ſuggeſtions, I found myſelf with-held by my knowledge of Lady Lindſey's diſpoſition. If ambition ſhould ſhut her eyes to Emma's merit; if, ſeeing nothing in her but the daughter of a baniſhed man; the cauſe of my diſobedience, and an obſtacle to her deareſt wiſhes, ſhe ſhould exact of me the impoſſible ſacrifice of my love, what reproaches did I prepare for myſelf! I ſhould loſe the precious advantage of living with my mother in an agreeable harmony, expoſe Miſs Neſby to her reſentment, and render my ſituation more embaraſſing and irkſome.

By endeavouring to remove the evils we think ourſelves threatened with, we often torment ourſelves with an uſeleſs concern. Before my Lord Portland's arrival, I had the mortification to ſee my mother relapſe into

a langour, whence there were little or no hopes to recover her. She was adviſed to go into France, or to try whether her native air might not bring about an happy alteration: ſhe determined on going into Scotland, and the thoughts of this journey, inſenſibly effaced from her mind all other objects.

Nothing could diſpenſe with my accompanying my mother, ſerving her, and comforting her in a condition wherein my tenderneſs and care were become ſo neceſſary to her. I muſt therefore be ſeparated from Emma a ſecond time. Should I quit her again without opening my heart to her; without ſounding the diſpoſition of hers; without knowing whether her ideas of happineſs agreed with my deſires? Every thing convinced me of her eſteem; ſhe paid me great regard, and even a ſort of preference: but I wiſhed to inſpire her with a more pleaſing and tender ſentiment. Abſence would ſoon deſtroy part of the reaſons which forced me to be ſilent; and yet, bound by my promiſe, and by the oaths which Sir Edmund had exacted

exacted of me, I did not dare to break my word, or betray the confidence of a friend who had gone down to the grave in peace, in the comforting reliance on my honour. This engagement, frivolous perhaps, in the eyes of a man leſs ſcrupulous than myſelf, was become weighty and ſacred in mine, when I recalled the affecting remembrance of the moment when I ſubmitted to this law, which my intereſt would not allow me to break. Sometimes I purpoſed to inform Nelſon of my ſentiments; I could have been happy in ſpeaking of Emma, of my love, and of my projects; but his humour and reſerve made him a very improper perſon to gain my confidence. They very rarely inſpire it, who are themſelves incapable of ſhewing it to others.

After our return from Bath, I took a pleaſure in introducing him to my friends. For ſome time he frequented company with a good deal of reluctance. Mrs. Howard's was the only houſe he appeared to take any delight in; inſenſibly he began to be very frequent in his viſits at that Lady's, gained the

the eſteem of her little parties, and ſoon became one of the number. By degrees I found him leſs gloomy, leſs careleſs in his dreſs and behaviour, and better bred; he began to reliſh and look out for amuſements. Miſs Neſby treated him with kindneſs. When I could not viſit her myſelf, I deſired Nelſon to carry her books, muſic, flowers, and a thouſand trifles ſhe amuſed herſelf with. He ſeemed to grow fonder of me; he even told me he intended to have his money remitted to England, to ſettle here, and never to quit me. I was delighted with this alteration in him, when chance made me diſcover in his heart as ſtrong a deſire to return to Carolina, as he had ſhewn eagerneſs to leave it.

As we were both walking one morning on the banks of the Thames, we ſtopped to look at a frigate that was getting under ſail. Nelſon's eyes were fixed on that veſſel, and purſued it, without ever quitting ſight of it. His ſighs, his agitation, and his motions ſtruck me. Whence ariſes that emotion in you, ſaid I? do you know the people

people that are ſailing from us? They are going, cried he, how happy are they, how I envy their lot! And joining his hands, lifting his eyes to heaven, wet with tears; Oh delightful country, ſaid he, in a ſad and paſſionate accent, Places dear to my memory, have I for ever loſt the hopes of breathing your delicious air!

Such inconſiſtency and oddneſs aſtoniſhed me. He obſerved my ſurprize, and ſeemed vexed that he had abandoned himſelf to a tranſport which had juſt diſcovered a deſire ſo contrary to his former converſation. I muſed; he held his peace; and we returned to my apartment without either of us breaking ſilence.

Notwithſtanding the incomprehenſible character of the man, I had felt too ſtrong a pleaſure in obliging him to refuſe that of ſerving him once more. He would have quitted me at the door of my apartment; but I with-held him, and aſked him the reaſon of an act of diſſimulation, which I had juſt cauſe to complain of. Why did he counterfeit

terfeit a deſire to live in London? Why did he make preparations for accompanying me into Scotland, when every wiſh of his heart was turned towards his own country? Why did he conceal from me a deſire ſo natural, and ſo eaſily ſatisfied.

My queſtions embaraſſed him. He viewed me with diſturbed looks, as if he endeavoured to diſcover in my eyes whether my firſt reproaches were likely to be followed with complaints of a more ſerious nature. At laſt he told me, that, being juſt arrived at the age when the law made him maſter of his fortune, and having it in his power to draw it out of his uncle's hands, live independant, and chuſe his own habitation, he ſhould be happy to croſs the ſeas, and viſit once more, his native land; but ſo many difficulties, added he, ſtill lie in the way to that deſign, that I fancied I ought neither to mention it, nor ſet my heart in earneſt upon it. On this I roſe, and taking ſix hundred guineas out of a drawer, and putting them before him, did

you

you think me capable, ſaid I, of refuſing you the means of making yourſelf happy?

He changed colour, heſitated, and ſeemed to conſult his inward thoughts; then blaming himſelf aloud for having heſitated a ſingle moment, thruſt back the gold I offered him, ſtarted up from his ſeat, ſtood at a diſtance from me and the table; and appearing vexed, and hurt with my entreaties, Ceaſe, cried he, ceaſe to preſs me; what, ſhall I accept!—abuſe—no; honour forbids—may I rather periſh here, than ſee myſelf the undiſturbed poſſeſſor—No! never will I owe my happineſs to a meanneſs. He ſaid no more; walked about the room in great agitation, and drawing near, took me by the hand, and preſſing it; my dear Lindſey, ſaid he, I am not yet acquainted with all my weakneſs; you have been tempting a man who is unworthy of your friendſhip, the vile ſlave of his paſſions, ungrateful—Yes, I am ungrateful, it is out of my power to act otherwiſe; my certainty of this breaks, tears my heart, and drives me to deſpair. Then throwing

throwing himſelf on a ſeat, he expreſſed all the marks of immoderate grief. Neither my careſſes nor prayers could prevail with him to explain himſelf: he interrupted me, with conjuring me not to render him contemptible in his own eyes: he wept, groaned, and called down on himſelf the moſt dreadful curſes. Never, never ſhall I quit England, cried he, if to return to my country I muſt prepare matter of ſhameful and eternal reproach!

Oh, why was not his heart true; noble enough to unveil to me this ſtrange language? How could he reſiſt my affectionate entreaties? Honour would not allow him to accept a kindneſs at the hand of the only friend from whom he had any right to expect it: he confeſſed he was ungrateful, he ſeemed apprehenſive of becoming more ſo; no hint, no ſuſpicion could enable me underſtand him; in vain I preſſed him to ſpeak: he remained obſtinately ſilent, continued to reject my offers, one moment with ſigns of ſenſibility, the next with a kind

kind of horror, but ſtill with the ſame determined invincible firmneſs.

From the very inſtant in which his misfortune and my own had linked us together, his actions, his diſcourſe, his whole behaviour was an impenetrable riddle to me. His humour was a perpetual contradiction to itſelf. In one thing, however, he was conſiſtent: while under the abſolute neceſſity of contracting obligations, he always ſhewed an extreme reluctance to accept the money I advanced him; he uſed the moſt ſcrupulous precautions to adjuſt the account, and to ſecure the payment. I ſmiled at his exactneſs, and chid him for his reſerve, without prevailing with him to be leſs thrifty in his expences. His pride kept him within what was indiſpenſably neceſſary, nor would he ever conſent to look on my fortune as a fund he might freely diſpoſe of.

The friend who dares not diſcharge his ſufferings, or pleaſures into our boſom, inſenſibly ceaſes to intereſt us. Mutual confidence is the ſoul of an intimate commerce,

and

and without that, friendſhip is a ſentiment of no long duration. By degrees Nelſon loſt himſelf in my eſteem; and if I continued to live in the ſame familiarity with him, it was leſs in conſequence of my firſt regard, than from the conſideration I had of his ſituation. The leaſt complaint, the gentleſt reproach, might have induced him to deprive himſelf of my aſſiſtance, and to remove from the only ſupport he had in Europe. I was accidentally informed of his impatience for the return of a ſhip which brought letters for him. The deſire of an anſwer, doubtleſs of a very intereſting nature, muſt detain him London; and yet, in conſequence of the apparent inconſiſtency of his conduct, he would accompany me into Scotland.—Oh! why did he not ſtay behind; why did not the winds, favourable to his ſchemes, bear him far from me! Happy! if the ſeas riſing between us—But what avail vain wiſhes? A powerful, and inviſible hand, ſeems to prepare events; to guide, conduct, and force us to walk in the path it chalks out before us. Feeble reaſon,

ſon, unavailing prudence! is your power confined—to excite our repentance only.

The time when I was to experience all the pain and torment that can overwhelm a ſenſible ſoul, was already fixed by fate. The ſeaſon was advancing: my mother was making ready to ſet out, and my heart was oppreſſed with ſorrow at the approach of the inſtant which was to ſeparate me from Emma. I did not conceal my grief from her; I endeavoured to diſcover whether ſhe was affected with it. An uneaſy ſenſation made me obſerve her looks, words, and moſt indifferent actions. Since my return from Bath, ſhe appeared no longer the ſame. I fancied I obſerved a kind of difference in her conduct, and behaviour to me: if I had thought proper to complain of it, I ſhould have been at a loſs to expreſs the nature of this alteration in her, but I felt it: when my name was ſent in, though I was expected, it often occaſioned a ſurprize in her, and even a kind of horror: I found her more reſerved, more grave and ſilent. Each day added to the diſtance at which her affecting gravity,

vity, her too formal and exact politeneſs held me. She expreſſed a friendſhip for me, but no longer ſpoke to me with that freedom of mind, or that confidence which my regard for her, which time, and our long intimacy ſhould have inſpired. Her eyes were rarely fixed on mine, and if they were but for a moment, I could perceive in them a mixture of uneaſineſs, fear, and pity.—With what difficulty did I refrain from telling her, I love, I adore you. Theſe words were for ever on my lips; I could only contain my tranſport, or preſerve the empire over my ſenſes, by a ſudden flight. I often quitted the room on frivolous pretences, and returned on reaſons ſtill more ſo: Miſs Neſby perceived my emotion, but never aſked me the cauſe of it. How often, when on the point of ſpeaking, hurried on by my paſſion, ſeizing her hand, trembling—Oh, my friend, your compoſed mind can never picture to itſelf the violent agitations of mine! Forgive me this tedious and uſeleſs detail. My heart, long ſince deprived of the ſatisfaction of opening itſelf, may poſſibly abuſe the pleaſure of pouring its grief

into yours. You promiſed me your tender pity, do not refuſe me your indulgence. What a ſad tale remains to be told you! Muſt I recall images ſo dreadful; give myſelf up to ſuch tormenting recollections?—Allow me to break off for a while this diſtreſsful ſtory: it plunges me anew into the blackeſt deſpair, and into that dejection of mind you left me in.

Endeavour to excite the compaſſion of Madame de Monglas in my favour, and to prevail with her amiable friend to pity me. She alone can open to my mind a more conſoling proſpect. I already had ceaſed to form any more deſires, but now to render her happy, and contribute to her felicity! Oh! this is the hope which revives my dejected ſoul.

Will Mademoiſelle de Valiere conſent to owe her felicity to me? Will ſhe not reject the attention and wiſhes of an unfortunate man?—Her good ſenſe and noble ſentiments encourage me. Why ſhould ſhe puniſh me for the faults of chance, and

unavoidable deſtiny? Beautiful Sophia, I am ſure you will not deceive my expectation; you will mix your tears with mine, and then wipe them away; I ſhall recover with you that calm, that peace ſo long loſt: you will reſtore me to my reaſon, to the world, to myſelf, and to the delights of peace. Farewel, my dear Monglas, you ſhall ſoon receive the ſequel of thoſe events which intereſt the moſt tender and moſt ſincere of your friends.

*

My emotion and uneaſineſs made me run over this packet too haſtily, and read it without any great attention: at preſent, my dear, I am ſtruck with it. I! *not puniſh the faults of chance and unavoidable deſtiny*; *I! mix my tears with thoſe* of Lord Lindſey. He is *perſonally intereſted*, he ſays, in the beginning of his letter.—What! can the ties of blood unite me?—Seducing, vain hope, do not miſlead me.

My Lord Lindſey's laſt expreſſions have charmed Madam de Monglas; the whole

whole evening ſhe has been congratulating me on my being deſtined to baniſh from a tender heart, *that ſorrowful Emma, whoſe remembrance ſtill afflicts the intereſting, the generous Lord.* Oh! I can weep with my Lord Lindſey, pity him, and wiſh his tranquillity; but to comfort him, reſtore him to his peace of mind, create his happineſs, and owe mine to him; no, never, never.

LETTER XLIII.

I Have juſt learned by chance that M. de Germeuil is expected at the Count du Roure's towards the end of the week. He does not write to me; does he mean by returning thither, to ſee me; will he enquire after me? I dare not ſend him my letter, as ſeveral days are already paſſed, and as my firſt emotion can no longer juſtify me in my own eyes.—No, I cannot reſolve on it.

A thouſand anxieties perplex my heart. The ſequel of Lord Lindſey's narrative throws me into inconceivable trouble. I

ſend it you; you will judge, by reading it, of thoſe ſentiments it muſt neceſſarily excite in my ſoul.

Letter from Lord Lindſey to M. de Monglas.

" THE kind reproaches of Madam de
" Monglas are very flattering to me. As
" I believe her curioſity to ariſe from ſenſibi-
" lity, ſhe muſt give me leave to attribute her
" eagerneſs to ſee the remaining part of my
" manuſcript to the favourable opinion ſhe
" honours me with. I beg you to aſſure
" her of my gratitude, my reſpect, and the
" concern I feel for not having it as yet in
" my power to yield to her obliging re-
" queſt.

" The laſt lines of my packet, you tell
" me, *embarraſs* Madameſoille de Valiere,
" and you congratulate me on the *intereſt*
" ſhe begins *to take in the ſufferings of my*
" *heart*. To *be uneaſy*, and to *ſympathiſe*
" are very different ſentiments. But why
" theſe inſinuations? Do not bewilder
" your own ideas, or form any conjec-
" tures;

" tures; they would lead you into error.
" Beware, my friend, of *becoming the in-*
" *terpreter of my ſentiments*; they are un-
" known to you. You cannot poſſibly diſ-
" cover the ties which engage me to the
" amiable Sophia; ties dear, ſtrong, ſtrong-
" er a thouſand times than thoſe of nature
" or habit. Love, honour, and duty ren-
" der them indiſſoluble.

" This language, myſterious in appear-
" ance, will explain itſelf in proportion as
" you advance in the peruſal of my papers.
" Do not extend your views beyond their
" juſt limits, nor communicate them to any
" body. Oh! doubtleſs I ſhall ſtand in
" need of *your aſſiſtance* with Mademoiſelle
" de Valiere. You alone can aſk and ob-
" tain an important favour, a favour ar-
" dently deſired. Her complaiſance for
" you gives me hopes. Oh, Monglas,
" after a long tempeſt, how pleaſing is it
" to have the view of a calm. Happy if my
" expectation be not deceived; if your charm-
" ing friend conſent to reſtore peace to

" my heart, and to diffuſe pleaſure over the " remainder of my days."

Lord Lindſey's ſecond packet.

EVERY paſſing moment brought on the period which was to rob me of the pleaſure of ſeeing or converſing with Emma: irreſolute but gloomy and afflicting ideas, ſharpened all my ſorrows. Every day augmented the melancholy of my Ward; yet nothing could induce me to think that my approaching journey was the cauſe of it. I felt myſelf greatly agitated; a ſecret foreboding ſeemed to anounce to me what a ſcene of afflictions that journey was preparing for me. In vain I ſtrove to ſooth my inward ſufferings by every reaſon capable of diſpelling them. I was to leave Miſs Neſby with a friend eager to oblige her; I did not believe her inſpired with a predilection for any other man, nor with any inclination which could alarm me. All her amuſements were limited to long walks with Helena in the environs of London; ſolitary

ſolitary walks where ſhe was accompanied by no friend. She received no viſits; her apartment was open to me only; my quality of guardian entitled me to free acceſs at every hour of the day; I had no reaſon to be jealous, and yet I gave myſelf up to the ſtrongeſt anxiety; my heart was ready to break at the thought of parting from her, without having diſcovered to her my own ſentiments, or being aſſured of hers.

I could have wiſhed to diſpenſe with taking leave of Miſs Neſby, but decorum would not allow of it. I dreaded that moment. Could I, on bidding her farewel, command the emotions of my heart, or reſtrain and conceal their violence? The evening before my departure, I waited on her before the hour when ſhe uſually went out. I found her in her cloſet in an undreſs, penſive and dejected; the alteration in her voice, the redneſs of her eyes ſhewed me ſhe had been weeping, and the air ſhe received me with, informed me how much ſhe wiſhed to conceal from my ſight the too apparent traces of her tears.

This diſcovery affected me very ſenſibly. What, cannot all my conſtant and diſintereſted aſſiduities procure me Miſs Neſby's friendſhip, and does ſhe ſtill treat me like a ſtranger? Will you ſtill conceal from me the ſubject of your grief, Madam, ſaid I, repreſſing with difficulty my ſtrong emotion, do you doubt my zeal and attachment? Whence ariſes this deep ſorrow? Why do you ſtrive to hide it from me? You weep, Madam, you weep, but do not condeſcend to diſcharge your ſorrows into the boſom of a friend! Have I deſerved this cruel miſtruſt? Do you complain of my behaviour? I ſhould be very ungrateful, interrupted ſhe, were I to complain of ſo generous a friend. Reſerve is not always a ſign of miſtruſt; I have no ſecrets the communication of which could afford any relief to my heart, or prove my gratitude to my Lord Lindſey. My own reflections alone call forth my tears. And how can I avoid ſhedding them? Bereft of my parents, and of the advantages of my birth; a ſtranger in my own country; living in the view of my father's enemies; melancholy, uneaſy, without rank or protection;

tection; confuſed and indiſtinct ideas fill my ſoul with terror: the paſt afflicts; the future terrifies me. I cannot remain in London; ſhould the daughter of a baniſhed man appear openly in that brilliant city? Alas! why did my father's will rob me of a retreat more ſuitable to my fortune? Oh! ſhould his and my misfortune involve you —A cruel deſtiny is continually endeavouring my ruin; and perhaps it threatens you.—Here ſhe ſtopped, lifting up her eyes bathed in tears: Oh God all powerful! cried ſhe, do not, no never permit the noble, the ſympathizing, the generous friend of my father, to ſhare the malignant influence of that cruel fate which purſues me.

What an emotion did her geſtures, her words raiſe in my ſoul. How I reproached myſelf with my long and painful ſilence, which I thought myſelf obliged to keep. The future terrified Emma; Emma grew uneaſy, and melancholy at being without protection; and yet by concealing from her my love, my projects, and the arrangements

of her father, I myſelf made her a prey to thoſe vain terrors. What, Madam, ſaid I to her, have you forgotten that I have ſworn to make you happy? That Sir Edmund has made over his right to me, and truſted to me the care of your felicity? Dear Emma, baniſh your apprehenſions for ever, diſpel thoſe gloomy alarms; how can you fancy yourſelf without protection, ſince I am appointed the arbiter of your happineſs? Oh, my own depends on your quiet, on your peace! Remember your father's wiſhes, my oaths, the moment when our hands joined in his.—Great God! what a time do you retrace to my memory, cried Emma in a ſorrowful accent! The image of a dying father ſtill redoubles my fears. I inceſſantly think I hear his threatening voice; I imagine his ſoul hovers round me, complains, accuſes me, and ſtill retains the power to draw down the vengeance of heaven on a rebellious child; forced to break a hard, a cruel law, I ſhudder whilſt I think that his conditional bleſſing to me—Tranſported, beſide herſelf, ſhe roſe, joined her hands, and falling on her knees, pardon, cried ſhe,

all

all diſſolved in tears, Oh, my father, pardon thy unfortunate daughter, it was her duty to preſerve.—If too guilty in thy ſight ſhe is unworthy thy clemency, at leaſt let her be the only victim! Here her ſighs, her cries, and her groans choaked her voice. I raiſed her from the ground; ſhe threw herſelf on a ſeat, and hiding her face, wept bitterly.

What various ſenſations did the words and tears of Emma excite in my heart! An emotion of trouble and paſſion made me fall down at her feet, ſeize her hands and preſs them with ardour. Oh, were your father's ſpirit now to hover round you, ſaid I, it muſt be in order to prevail with you to confirm the ineſtimable gift he deigned to make me. He named me your huſband, and appointed me the depoſitary of his authority: I will uſe it, but it is only with a view to calm your mind and eaſe your heart. Emma, my dear Emma, my ſiſter, my friend, the object of my reſpect, my veneration, my love, and my deſires? Pronounce my deſtiny and your own; ſovereign miſtreſs of

your inclinations and of mine, approve or reject my vows. Oh, I cannot conſent to obtain you by the will of Sir Edmund? Be free, Madam, I give you back your promiſes, extorted poſſibly from you in my favour; I reſign all my right to you; to you I ſacrifice all my hopes; but grant me your friendſhip and confidence; vouchſafe to anſwer me in the ſincerity of your heart, who occaſions your alarms, whence ſpring ſuch tormenting terrors, what are thoſe laws you have been *forced to break*, what *valuable poſſeſſion* is it you would *preſerve*; why do you call yourſelf *a rebellious child?* Even ſhould you overwhelm me with grief by revealing this ſecret, yet ſpeak, madam, ſpeak; diſpel the anxiety which your tears and alarms have juſt excited in my heart.

I cannot, no, I cannot do it, replied Emma in a ſorrowful accent. A black foreboding—If I expoſed only my own life by breaking ſilence, I ſhould think I owed that ſacrifice to your generous friendſhip. Ceaſe, my Lord, ceaſe to preſs me; leave my fatal ſecrets to myſelf; for ever ſeparate your

your intereſts from mine: bred far from the world, in the lap of miſery, I am not fated to make you happy. Forget an unfortunate woman, too ſenſible of your kindneſs not to bluſh at appearing ungrateful; allow me to diſengage you from all the cares which my father preſumed to lay upon you; permit me to quit a houſe, where too much ſplendour ſurrounds me; a plain dwelling, and an obſcure retreat are more ſuitable to my fortune. It is in obſcurity and ſolitude that I muſt ſeek that peace which you wiſh me to enjoy.

Theſe words of Emma, ſuch ſtrange and unlooked for propoſals, pierced my heart with a thouſand pangs. She confeſſed a ſecret, and refuſed to truſt me with it. She was afraid of appearing ungrateful; my aſſiduities conſtrained her; ſhe wiſhed to withdraw herſelf from them: I collected ſeveral circumſtances into one view; I remembered her reluctance to quit Beauford, the article in the will, which excluded every man *born out of Great Britain:* doubtleſs when ſhe followed me into England, ſhe left

left ſome beloved object in Carolina. But how came ſhe to appear to dread the threats and curſes of her father? Could the choice of ſo ſenſible a young woman diſpleaſe her parents to that degree as to be poſitively rejected? Torn by theſe perplexing reflections, I fixed my eyes on Miſs Neſby; how her looks moved me! Affected, melted, and animated with the deſire of drying up her tears, I could not help crying out, ſeparate your intereſt from mine, who, I, Madam! ſaid I to her. Oh, this is the only ſacrifice I cannot make you. Diſpoſe of my fortune, my liberty, my life; lay any commands upon me; ever ready to ſubmit, I ſwear at your feet to complete all your wiſhes, to obey your will. Securely, Madam, ſecurely confide in my honour; it is a tender, ſincere, an ardent friend who preſſes, nay conjures you to lay open your heart to him. Are you engaged? Do you lament the loſs of a dear lover? Muſt I reſtore you to that happy man? Croſs the ſeas to loſe you for ever? Oh I will conduct you back to thoſe lamented ſhores, and on parting from you will bedew them with my tears; but Emma,

my

my dear Emma, ſhall ſhed no more, and her happineſs ſhall comfort me for the eternal loſs of my own.

The lovely girl ſighed, and caſting a timid look on me, fixed her eyes on the ground, bluſhed, hefitated, and attempted to ſpeak: then looking at me again, in a low trembling voice, I lament not the abſence of a lover, ſaid ſhe, it is not a lover who makes my tears to flow; happineſs does not await me in thoſe countries where my father has forbid me to live, but in them I could at leaſt get rid of ſome part of my terrors. I ſhould live alone under the weight of thoſe dreadful imprecations called down on my head: and ſhould never fear their extending to the only objects of all my affections.

And who then, Madam, who are thoſe objects of ſo tender an anxiety? ſaid I, with inconceivable confuſion; there are then exiſting *objects of your affections*; name them to me, they ſhall become the objects of mine likewiſe. Every thing you take an intereſt in,

in, every thing that you love, may become dear to me. She appeared to waver; I ſaw her perplexity and emotion. I redoubled my entreaties; ſhe yielded: I was on the point of learning the ſecrets of her ſoul, when a number of voices were heard. I roſe up precipitately; Miſs Neſby withdrew farther from me in extreme confuſion; the door opened, when Helena came in, and introduced Mrs. Howard and Nelſon.

On what ſlender circumſtances does the fate of wretched mortals depend! Fatal interruption! One inſtant more had diſcloſed the ſecrets of a heart ſo long concealed, and prevented all the miſchiefs which Miſs Neſby dreaded. Her fears would have vaniſhed immediately on her diſcovering their cauſe, and ſhe would have found in her paſſionate lover, a tender and indulgent friend. Dear Emma you had ſtill lived, your happy huſband, had ſeen all his rights confirmed by my conſent; the remembrance of me had been engraven in your memory; your pleaſures and your happineſs would have for ever recalled my idea to you—Alas! ſhe is

no

no more. Vain complaints! vain ſorrow! —May ſhe, at leaſt, who retraces to me ſo affecting an image, relent in my favour, and think me ſufficiently puniſhed.—Oh You, who owe the tribute of your tears to the unfortunate woman whoſe ſad fate calls for mine, condeſcend to pity me, and lament her with me. From the grave ſhe ſends you a father—Oh, I feel all the ſweet the tender affection of one; let me enjoy the title; and I will diſcharge all its duties. I ſwear by Emma, by her ever reverend aſhes, by the immortal ſentiment which attaches me to her memory, which renders it ever dear, ever adored!

That day, the laſt of my tranquillity, had been fixed on by the Princeſs of Wales to viſit a cabinet of natural curioſities, which Lady Lindſey made her whole delight, and the object of an amuſing ſtudy. I was ſent for by her. Nelſon acquainted me with it, adding, that ſhe would be very uneaſy if the Princeſs arrived before me. He pronounced theſe few words in ſo low a voice, that I could with difficulty hear them.

them. Too much engaged with my own cares, to obſerve his, I went to beg him to return to Lady Lindſey's, to acquaint her he had not found me, when I was ſtruck with his extreme paleneſs; I ſaw him ſtagger, look for ſomewhat to lean againſt, and fall on a ſopha, where he lay without ſtrength or knowledge. Miſs Neſby ſhrieked out, and Mrs. Howard and I ran to aſſiſt him: he ſoon came to himſelf, ſeemed vexed at the accident, attributed his weakneſs to the ſmell of the flowers in the cloſet, which, he ſaid, always made him faint away: we went into another room. I wiſhed to find myſelf alone again with Emma; but Mrs. Howard's calling for tea, and ſeeming not diſpoſed to quit Miſs Neſby the remaining part of the morning, I took my leave of both; determined however not to ſet off without an explanation ſo neceſſary to my repoſe. I acquainted Helena, as I was going out, with my intention to return in the evening, and deſired her to prevail with her miſtreſs to meet me in her apartment. I obſerved an air of pity on the girl's countenance; her melancholy looks

looks redoubled the affliction of my heart; ſhe ſeemed to withhold the tears that ſtood ready to trickle, and I heard her fetch a deep ſigh the inſtant I quitted her.

With what perplexity of mind did I aſſiſt my mother in receiving the Princeſs; with what impatience did I diſcharge this indiſpenſable duty; how long did the day appear; how did I wiſh it to end! However, at laſt I found myſelf at liberty; I ran, I flew where anxiety, fear, and a thouſand confuſed ſentiments called me. When I was ready to enter Miſs Neſby's apartment, a violent palpitation of heart ſlackened my pace: I approached her door trembling, I knocked, no anſwer was made; I knocked louder and the door was opened; it was Mrs. Howard who appeared; ſhe came out of the room, made me a ſign to be ſilent, carried me into another room, and informed me that Miſs Neſby was ill, that ſhe had been juſt put to bed, was very weak, and ſtood in need of reſt. Vexed at this croſs accident, I inſiſted on ſeeing her, and ſpeaking to her but for one moment;

my

my friend objected, decency and the danger of diſturbing Miſs Neſby's ſleep, which was ſo neceſſary. Being forced to comply, I recommended her to the care and aſſiduity of Mrs. Howard. I withdrew, filled with inexpreſſible affliction. I found myſelf obliged to ſet off, not only with the concern of not ſeeing Emma, but likewiſe with the grief of leaving her ill, and of having poſſibly been the occaſion of her diſorder, by obſtinately inſiſting on tearing from her this ſecret of her heart.

My uneaſineſs kept me awake the whole night. In the morning a note from Helena, calmed my anxiety; ſhe aſſured me that the accident of her miſtreſs would be attended with no bad conſequences; that *a long and quiet ſleep had juſt reſtored her health and ſtrength.* This comforting note put me in a condition to ſet out on my journey with leſs uneaſineſs. Alas! I did not foreſee either Emma's deſtiny or my own: the irrevocable doom was already pronounced againſt me! I was never to ſee her more, never to hear the dear accents of her

her voice; ſeparated for ever from her, that lovely, that unfortunate girl was never more to excite, in my ſoul, any but the moſt painful ſenſations, bitter recollections, and endleſs regret.

The firſt days after our arrival at Edinburgh anſwered the expectation of thoſe who had preſcribed that journey to my mother. She ſeemed a great deal better. This happy effect of the change of air gave me joy, but that was of ſhort duration: ſoon my hopes vaniſhed, and every thing conſpired to augment my ſufferings.

I received ſeveral letters from Miſs Neſby; the weak melancholy condition ſhe found her ſelf in, would not allow he, ſhe ſaid, to enter into the particulars I aſked of her. Mrs. Howard's letters likewiſe confirmed the account of the weakneſs ſhe complained of; they threw me into vague apprehenſions; her guarded and even myſterious expreſſions ſeemed to prepare me for eclairciſſements, and to forbode a moſt fatal diſcovery. Her ſilence, during ſeveral poſts,

filled

filled me with the moſt dreadful fears. What was my ſurprize on receiving an explanation ſo long expected? In what a ſituation did they deſcribe Miſs Neſby? How was I grieved to ſee her ſink into a ſtate of melancholy capable of raiſing in me ſuch ſtrange ſuſpicions.

" I was always unwilling to entertain an " idea, *Mrs. Howard wrote me*, which the " conduct and actions of this young perſon " gave me of her; but my laſt obſervations " have forced me to adopt it. Shall I tell " you, my friend? For ſome months paſt her " reaſon ſeems impaired. Filled with fan- " taſtic objects, her imagination delivers " her over to terrors which mark the diſ- " traction of her mind. Sometimes mo- " tionleſs, plunged into gloomy medita- " tion, ſhe recovers herſelf all trembling; " then appears ſurpriſed, aſtoniſhed, and full " of terror. At other times, ſhrieks and " exclamations of ſorrow burſt from her. " She throws herſelf on the ground, weeps, " prays, and implores the aſſiſtance of hea- " ven. Often ſhe calls on her father, aſks

" him

" him pardon, conjures him to releaſe her
" from her oath, and to deliver her from
" the weight of the curſes which hang over
" her head. She is already puniſhed, ſhe
" ſays, rigorouſly puniſhed! One of my
" maids, who was ordered to take care of
" her while Helena was ill, heard her
" moaning the whole night; in the day
" ſhe ſaw her writing, cloſe her letter,
" break it open again, tear it weeping, then
" reſume her pen, begin to write again, and
" then tear a ſecond time what ſhe had
" juſt written. She is never calm, never
" at eaſe: all my entreaties, friendſhip, and
" careſſes, cannot prevail on her to quit
" her apartment. Since your departure ſhe
" has never been out of it. My aſſiduities
" are irkſome to her; ſhe conjures me to
" give myſelf no concern about her; ſhe is
" afraid of making me melancholy; ſhe
" wiſhes ſhe were no more, that ſhe had
" never been; ſhe deſires to conceal her-
" ſelf from every body—Engaging, un-
" happy girl! How am I moved at her
" ſituation. At her age, ſo deep a grief,
" ſuch ſtrong impreſſions! And who can oc-

" caſion

"caſion this? Has ſhe met with any afflic-
"tions lately? No ſuch thing; every circum-
"ſtance confirms me in the opinion which
"I have embraced after much thought,
"and makes me ſuſpect a bewildered intel-
"lect in this charming creature. If, how-
"ever, you are acquainted with any cauſe
"of her fears, if you know whence her a-
"larms proceed, you will oblige me ex-
"tremely to communicate them. Indeed
"Miſs Neſby afflicts, afflicts me very ſen-
"ſibly."

I ran over this letter in an agony which every line redoubled; I read it over and over an hundred times. I did not adopt the notions of Mrs. Howard, for I made no doubt of her being miſtaken. Can perſons at their eaſe, whoſe whole compaſſion is exerciſed on objects foreign to their heart, can they conceive the effects of a deep and pungent ſorrow? Or can one ſoul determine the degree of ſenſibility in another ſoul? I did not imagine my Ward's reaſon impaired, and yet her ſituation made me weep. The image of Emma, bathed in tears, ſolitary,

afflicted, terrified with cruel reflections, and by ſecret apprehenſions preſented itſelf continually to my mind: pierced with her ſorrows, and devoured by my own; tormented, notwithſtanding all my endeavours, with a jealous anxiety, my ſituation appeared ſo terrible that I was aſtoniſhed how I could ſupport it. Alas, I was ignorant, at that time, how much more afflicting it would ſoon become.

My letters, which were the tendereſt imaginable; my preſſing entreaties and ardent prayers, my repeated vows to conform in every thing to her pleaſure, to complete all her wiſhes, gained me, it is true, from Miſs Neſby, aſſurances of her eſteem, friendſhip, and gratitude, but not one mark of her confidence! She had no ſecrets, ſhe ſaid, of any importance for me to know, at leaſt at preſent; ſhe would one day unveil to me the motives of a ſilence, which weighty and very dear concerns exacted of her at preſent; think no longer, ſhe repeated to me, of an unfortunate woman, add not to my torments the ſad certainty of having diſturbed the

happineſs of a friend, whoſe goodneſs and virtues ſhall always live in my heart.

How much did I regret being at ſuch a diſtance from her, after the promiſe ſhe made to open her heart to me! Had it been poſſible for me to go to London, with what ſwiftneſs would I have flown to her; but the ſtate of Lady Lindſey's health did not permit me ſo much as to deſire to leave her for one moment. Nelſon never quitted me; his aſſiduities to my mother were tender, his care very affectionate; he ſpent whole days in her apartment; he was anxious like me, he grieved with me, and often we mingled our tears. Theſe proofs of his ſenſibility, and of a real attachment, revived my former affection, and gave new life to that friendſhip which the oddity of his character had cooled without extinguiſhing. In one of thoſe hours, therefore, when his heart ſympathiſed in my ſadneſs, and when mine felt a need of opening itſelf, I communicated the ſecret of my love to him, my apprehenſions, my ſtate of uncertainty, with all the circumſtances that made

made my paſſion ſo tormenting, and my abſence from her ſo cruel and unſupportable.

His emotion whilſt he heard me, the various changes in his countenance, and the viſible marks of his pity, convinced me of the concern he took in my ſituation, and in that of Emma. He read over Mrs. Howards letters, ſeveral times: he pitied Miſs Neſby, and me ſtill more. And yet he could not conceive how I could love a perſon with ſo much ardour, whoſe behaviour ſeemed to give me no hopes of a return: that doubtleſs Miſs Neſby had ſhewn me leſs indifference at Carolina; he engaged me to relate to him all that had paſſed during my ſtay at Beauford; he was never weary with hearing me dwell on ſuch uniform particulars; but far from encouraging me in hopes, which I took a pleaſure in entertaining, he laid before me all the reaſons capable of extinguiſhing my love, and making me renounce my ſchemes. To unite myſelf with Miſs Neſby would, he ſaid, revive the hatred of her father's enemies,

and provoke their anger againſt me: would they ſuffer patiently that Sir Edmund's daughter ſhould obtain the preference before an heireſs of their family? That, being enraged at this alliance, they would raiſe up powerful obſtacles to my advancement, and poſſibly might be able to ſtop me in the brilliant career which my birth, fortune, and perſonal qualities opened before me. I could anſwer nothing to objections whoſe force I felt without being influenced by them. Ambition and love rarely dwell together in the ſame heart, and mine rejected every thing which ſeparated me from Emma.

The moſt alarming ſymptoms gave warning of Lady Lindſey's approaching end. The radical heat which kept up life preyed upon itſelf. Every moment threatened me with an irreparable loſs. Every other affliction gave way to the affecting ſight which a dying mother preſented to my view; her condition took up all my thoughts, when a letter from Mrs. Howard added new ſtings to my ſorrow, by acquainting me with a

piece

piece of news as afflicting as it was unexpected. Miſs Neſby was no longer at that Lady's; ſhe had juſt quitted her houſe, and the town, in order to reſide in the country.

" Without acquainting me with her de-
" ſign, ſays my friend, without ſaying a
" word of it till the very minute ſhe
" was getting ready to leave my houſe,
" Miſs Neſby has juſt quitted a family
" where every one ſtrove to ſerve and pleaſe
" her. She is moved into a neat farm
" houſe, about five Miles from London,
" whither I conducted her myſelf. She
" lodges in a ſmall apartment detached
" from the main body of the houſe. A
" thick tufted grove ſhades this plain dwel-
" ing, and a living ſtream keeps up its
" verdure and adorns the rural ſcene. The
" ſtrongeſt remonſtrances I could make on
" the inconveniences of ſuch a ſolitude;
" my offer to carry her into the country to
" the ſeat of one of my relations, with all
" my endearing careſſes; nothing could
" prevail on this ſtrange young woman:
" ſhe inſiſts on living alone; her languiſh-

" ing condition; the melancholy ſhe muſt
" inſpire, engage her, ſhe ſays, to fly from
" the world, and not tire out, with her
" dejection, and ſourneſs of humour, the
" few friends who are condeſcending enough
" to intereſt themſelves about her."

What fears did this inconſiderate ſtep excite in my ſoul? So young, ſo beautiful, of ſo diſtinguiſhed, ſo remarkable a figure, without protection, and without defence; expoſed to the bold and profligate attacks of a number of vicious, ſubtle, daring men, always ready to ſpread their nets for innocence. The modeſt ſimplicity of her thoughts concealed thoſe dangers from her which I ſhuddered to think of. Nelſon was as much alarmed at it as myſelf. And why does ſhe treat me with ſo little confidence, ſaid I; why did ſhe not communicate to me her deſire of living in the country? Before I ſet out, I would have conveyed her to one of my ſeats: there ſhe would have had women to attend on her, and old truſty ſervants who would have watched over her ſafety. Alone, with a girl of the age of Helena, both of them ſtrangers,

ſtrangers, without any acquaintance with the manners and libertine behaviour of the inhabitants of the capital; five miles from London! Surrounded by people who have no inducement to eſpouſe her intereſt, or to trouble themſelves about her! In what an unlucky time do theſe tormenting apprehenſions attack me! When I cannot fly to the aſſiſtance of Emma, and ſave her from a danger the mere thoughts of which alarm all my ſenſes. Great God, if I were to loſe her, if ſhe were to be torn from me, and if I were never, never to ſee Emma more!

Would to heaven, cried Nelſon impatiently, would to heaven Sir Edmund's daughter had never been ſeen by you! What fatality led you ſo far from your country to form this unlucky connexion? And what powerful tie binds you? Is it poſſible that ſo violent a paſſion could remain ſo long concealed? What! was Miſs Neſby never acquainted with your ſentiments; did ſhe never give you hopes, how is that credible? No, your heart has not

intirely diſcloſed itſelf; Emma, pleaſed with your aſſiduity, muſt have formerly diſcovered her ſenſibility, or at leaſt ſeemed diſpoſed—Without troubling yourſelf about theſe fruitleſs enquiries, ſaid I, bear with my weakneſs, comply with my deſires; it is not enough to pity me; if I am dear to you, ſerve me on this intereſting occaſion; haſte, my friend, fly to London, join with Mrs. Howard in your endeavours to draw Emma from a retreat ſo unſuitable, ſo unſafe. I ſhall be for ever indebted to you if you prevail on her to oblige me this once, this only time.

Surpriſe, emotion, and confuſion were by turns painted on Nelſon's face. Prevail on her to oblige you, ſaid he, who I? And fetching a deep ſigh caſt his eyes on the ground, and ſunk into a deep thoughtfulneſs. His trouble and his ſilence aſtoniſhed me. What, ſaid I, do you heſitate to do me this ſervice? Is this requeſt too much for your friendſhip?

Why cannot I convince you of it at the expence

expence of my life; of that friendſhip which you ſeem to doubt, cried he with paſſion: yes, I would wiſh with the price of my blood, to give you the ſincereſt marks of my zeal and gratitude: if you knew what ſenſations oppreſs my ſoul—With what regret—Oh, Lindſey, to quit, to leave you in ſo melancholy a ſituation—Your ſufferings have ſharpened all mine; they afflict, and overwhelm me, I cannot ſupport the bitterneſs with which they ſting my heart! So ſaying, he withdrew a little from me, and leaning on the back of a chair, good God, good God, repeated he in accents choaked with grief, what ſhall I do! And fixing on me his eyes bathed in tears, why cannot you read the ſecrets of my inmoſt ſoul, ſaid he, why have I not the power to explain to you all that diſtracts me!

Greatly moved with ſo tender an affection, and with the motive which kept him back, I ran to him, and preſſing him to my boſom, conjured him to moderate the emotions with which I felt myſelf too ſtrongly affected. Oh my friend, my generous

friend, ſaid he, embracing me with ardour, if you would—if you could—That noble heart of yours, is it incapable of a ſtrong effort? Mine groans with that paſſion which hurries you along: ceaſe to employ your thoughts on a girl from whom every motive muſt keep you at a diſtance; give way to her deſires, leave to herſelf the care of her deſtiny; dread the misfortunes which purſue her and her family —— Some dark omen makes me tremble—She herſelf urges you to forget her, ſhe herſelf dreads —For heaven's ſake do not perſiſt any longer—Is it poſſible, ſaid I, interrupting him, that you ſhould take ſo little concern in the fate of that charming creature? How can you adviſe me to abandon her, and to betray the truſt repoſed in me by her father? Why do you oppoſe a paſſion which is become the habitual ſentiment of my heart? Forget Miſs Neſby! I cannot wiſh to deſire it! But we loſe precious moments in this fruitleſs diſpute: Oh! if any accident ſhould force us to repent their loſs! I cannot ſupport the idea of the dangers to which the ſmalleſt delay expoſes Emma.

Do

Do you wiſh to ſerve me, do you wiſh to acquire an everlaſting title to my gratitude? Set out, but ſet out this moment; every inſtant that runs on, heightens my anxiety and ſorrow.

Well, your wiſhes ſhall be complied with, I will go, replied Nelſon, ſince it muſt be ſo. If I heſitated, your intereſt, and Lady Lindſey's ſituation could alone occaſion my indeciſion. What a loſs you are likely to have! How will you ſupport yourſelf!—Dear Lindſey, amidſt the torments and the afflictions which will ſoon rend your generous breaſt, call to mind the tears I ſhed at this moment. If my journey ſhould not anſwer your expectation; if you ſhould feel new ſorrows, lay the blame on chance and a cruel deſtiny, but never, never on a wretch who laments in your arms his inability to procure your happineſs!

How came it that Nelſon's extreme compaſſion for me, his broken expreſſions, and his fears did not make me ſuſpect the ſad

truth? Did he not ſeem to bid me an eternal farewel, and to give me to underſtand that his journey would occaſion me *many a pang?* That Miſs Neſby was preparing to ſtab me to the ſoul! Why, Monglas, why did I not underſtand him! But having long been accuſtomed to the warmth of his expreſſions, and to the vehemence of his tranſports, and being myſelf anxious and in agitation, I diſcovered nothing in his words but his regret on quitting me, too ſtrong, perhaps, for the occaſion; and the mere fear of not ſucceeding in a negotiation to which my paſſion annexed ſo much importance.

More ſenſible of the friendſhip of Nelſon, than attentive to his motions, I aſſured him I ſhould never be ſo unjuſt as to charge him with the want of ſucceſs in a meaſure which my entreaties and his complaiſance had engaged him in. He grew more compoſed: I began to explain to him my intentions, and the plan I had laid for Miſs Neſby's happineſs and ſafety. I had a ſeat near Windſor, moſt delightfully ſituated. If my ward felt any reluctance to return to Mrs. Howard's,

ard's, I wiſhed her to retire to this enchanting ſolitude. An order from my hand, would be ſufficient to make her abſolute miſtreſs of it. And I intended likewiſe that ſhe ſhould at the ſame time become miſtreſs of her fortune.

The evening before my departure I carried Miſs Neſby twelve thouſand pounds in bank notes, with an ideal account, the articles whereof were calculated to conceal from her knowledge the ſmall ſum I preſumed to add to her patrimony. Her affliction and her tears made me forget every thing in the morning; and her accident did not permit me to ſee her in the evening. I gave theſe bank notes to Nelſon. You will deliver them to Miſs Neſby, ſaid I, and from this moment I declare her independent: let her no longer conſider me as the depoſitary of Sir Edmund's authority; I diveſt myſelf of my right to controul her inclinations, or to puniſh her diſobedience: it is no longer her guardian, it is her friend who ſolicits her favour: for the obtaining it, I rely on her goodneſs; reaſon and

prudence

prudence muſt determine her to grant it me. If ſhe conſent to retire to my houſe, I will give her every proof of my gratitude ſhe can poſſibly require of me. Say no more to her, my dear Nelſon, neither mention to her my paſſion nor my hopes. She knows her father's arrangements, and the ardour of my deſires: at liberty as to her conduct and ſentiments, ſhe muſt pronounce on my deſtiny, and I ſubmit myſelf to the generoſity of her heart.

Nelſon took the papers, I gave him, ran over the articles of the account of my receipt, and laying it on the table with the bank notes, neither does this ſum belong to Miſs Neſby, ſaid he, nor ſuppoſing it did, ought you to part with it. Have you forgotten the conditions of her father's will? If ſhe does not comply with them, Lady Walters may demand of you the inheritance of her relation, and claim the money actually depoſited in your hands. What trifles, anſwered I, make you uneaſy? Did I not fear to offend Miſs Neſby, half my fortune ſhould have been applied in the ſame manner

manner with that trifling ſum. No conſi-deration ſhould with-hold me: Oh, but if ſhe ſhould not fulfil theſe conditions; if her heart and hand be the portion of another, what ſignify all the riches in the world to me?

I ſhall ſay no more, replied Nelſon, with a dejected look. He then roſe, rung, or-dered a poſt chaiſe and horſes; and while he was buſy in preparing himſelf for his jour-ney, I wrote letters to Mrs. Howard, to Miſs Neſby, and to the houſe-keeper at my ſeat. Nelſon came back; I ſealed my let-ters; word was brought that the poſt-chaiſe was ready: we embraced ſeveral times. With what grief do I quit you, my dear Lindſey, repeated he, what cruel emotions does this moment, this ſeparation excite within me! May heaven watch over the life of my noble friend; be his comfort; ſhower down on him its moſt benign influence; load him with every bleſſing—Here his tears choaked his voice: he forced himſelf from my arms, threw himſelf out of the room, ran down ſtairs, and leaped into his poſt-chaiſe.

chaiſe. I heard him ſet off in a kind of agony; I was aſtoniſhed at his extreme trouble: but this was not the firſt time that this paſſionate temper had given me ſurprize, and my own ſenſations did not allow me to reflect on his.

The time requiſite for Nelſon's journey paſſed over without either diminiſhing or encreaſing my anxiety: I counted the hours and the moments; I waited impatiently for the day which was to bring me news from London. That day came and paſſed away; but I received no letters from the only perſons I wiſhed to hear from with ſo much ardour.

Delivered over to the torment of a lingering expectation, every poſt-day redoubled my trouble and alarms. I had no news either from Mrs. Howard, Miſs Neſby, or Nelſon! Why ſhould all three keep this alarming ſilence? What event did my friends then conceal from me. Unable to ſupport this ſtate of trouble and uncertainty, I ſent an expreſs to London: his return o-

verwhelmed

verwhelmed me with grief. Mrs. Howard, who had been dangerouſly ill for near a month, was then beginning to recover, but not without ſome apprehenſions of a relapſe: Nelſon was not to be found, either at her houſe or mine; Miſs Neſby had lately quitted her abode, and nobody at the farm-houſe knew whither ſhe had retired.

That moment in which this ſad intelligence was brought me, I may look on as the bittereſt in all my life. While I was attending to my meſſenger's ſtory, the piercing ſhrieks of Lady Lindſey's women brought me back to her chamber: what a ſight was there awaiting me! I heard my mother pronounce my name.—Oh, I think I ſtill hear the feeble and moving accents of her voice! She held out her arms to me—Let us quickly paſs over this afflicting remembrance. O my mother, my affectionate, my revered mother! What bitterneſs muſt have troubled the peace of your laſt moments, could you have foreſeen that the tranquillity, happineſs, and all the hopes of your ſon were to be forever loſt when you was—I loſt her,

Monglas,

Monglas, ſhe expired in my arms.—How comes it that ſufferings ſo exquiſitely felt, do not tear to pieces this frail machine, which ſinks beneath much weaker? How was I able to reſiſt!—But, being condemned to ſuffer for a long time, I was to find affliction in every object that was dear to me. To be robbed of a miſtreſs whom I adored, and, to complete my horrors, to give with my own arm the fatal wound which was to pierce her heart!

So ſoon as I had performed the laſt ſad offices of a ſon and of a friend, and depoſited the mortal remains of my mother in the ſame vault where reſt the aſhes of my anceſtors, my ſoul a prey to dejection, and my mind filled with the moſt gloomy ideas, I made haſte to quit Edinburgh, and took the road to London.

What tormenting thoughts accompanied the ſad certainty of having loſt all traces of Miſs Neſby! Oh, why did ſhe conceal from me her meaſures, her retreat, and her deſigns? Could the avowal of my paſſion make

make her fear and ſhun me? Did ſhe hate me? What was become of Nelſon, why did he leave me ignorant of the ſucceſs of his endeavours? After the moſt exact enquiry I found that, ſince his departure, no body had been detained on the road by any accident. Sometimes, when I recollected his capricious temper, the extreme ſingularity of his actions and behaviour, I imagined he was embarked and gone abroad. An opportunity might have offered, and determined him to return to his native country; but would he have quitted England without writing to me? On a ſuppoſition that Miſs Neſby, having quitted her retreat before his arrival in London, could neither be found nor heard of, would he not have gone to Mrs. Howard's, and left in her hands the depoſit which had been entruſted to him? I could not harbour any mean ſuſpicions of a man, with whoſe noble pride I was ſo well acquainted. All my notions wandered; nothing could fix them, I loſt myſelf in vain conjectures, and my ſorrows were embittered by my apprehenſions leſt Miſs Neſby ſhould become expoſ-

ed

ed to diſagreeable ſhifts. As ſhe was both friendleſs and without protection, I could not help conſidering her as reduced for a ſubſiſtence to the neceſſity of making away with her trinkets and jewels; funds which inſatiable avarice and unfair dealing render of little value, when neceſſity urges us to ſuch reſources.

Two hours after my arrival in London, I went to Mrs. Howard's. She was beginning to recover of her long illneſs, and I found her diſpoſed to ſhare in all the ſufferings of my heart. Ever ſince ſhe began to grow better, ſhe had employed her utmoſt care to find out the abode of Miſs Neſby, but without any ſucceſs. However ſhe fancied ſhe was ſtill in London. A few days before, one of her maids had ſeen her in a carriage croſſing Groſvenor-Square; ſhe did what ſhe could to follow her, but as the coach drove exceeding faſt it was ſoon out of ſight.

The notion of my Ward's being in or near town, revived my hopes of finding her out; but

but all the pains which my friend was ſo good to take, gave no inſight into the ſtrange conduct of a ſenſible girl, who, certainly, had not withdrawn herſelf from the knowledge of the world and of her friends, without very ſtrong reaſons to juſtify to her own mind a ſtep ſo extraordinary, and in appearance ſo imprudent. But who could gueſs at theſe reaſons? Mrs. Howard, ſeeing that I had no ſuſpicions, concealed her own from me, though of a very ſerious nature; they effaced her firſt ideas concerning Emma's melancholy; but the goodneſs of her heart would not allow her to communicate them, for fear ſhe might be miſtaken, and wrong the unfortunate young woman whom ſhe pitied.

On quitting her, I went to the farm-houſe where Miſs Neſby had lodged. The apartment next the garden was to let; I aſked to ſee it. They ſhewed me into the little wing. With what emotion did I ſurvey places formerly inhabited by Emma: my eyes were fixed on every object that had formerly engaged her attention; I was looking

ing about for ſome traces of her abode in this humble dwelling, when I perceived a piece of white paper rumpled; I took it up, and found it to be the cover of the bank notes which I had entruſted to Nelſon. I could not poſſibly be miſtaken, having ſealed the packet with a ſeal, the impreſſion of which was ſingular and very remarkable.

This proof of Nelſon's arrival in London, and of his having diſcharged this part of the commiſſion he had been entruſted with, diſpelled one of my moſt tormenting apprehenſions. I no longer conſidered Emma as on the point of falling into a ſtate of indigence; but then what ſuſpicions accompanied the comforting idea to know ſhe was ſecure from want. What! both diſappeared, both ſilent, both concealing their retreat! Were they privy to and embarked in the ſame deſign; did one intereſt, one ſentiment unite them againſt me; could Nelſon have robbed me of Emma! Still rejecting the thought of ſo black a treachery, I enquired for the landlord and landlady of the houſe,

houſe, and owning myſelf the guardian of the young lady who had been their lodger, I prevailed on them to give me an exact account of her conduct and actions.

The farmer's wife told me, that for the firſt days ſhe received no viſits except thoſe of a Lady from London; but that about the beginning of the month, a very handſome young man, of a diſtinguiſhed figure, either newly arrived from his travels or the country, came to ſee her, and diſcovered great aſſiduity about her. That he uſed to come very early in the morning, and go away pretty late in the evening. That he himſelf ſent away Miſs Neſby's trunks, brought a carriage, paid them very handſomly for their trouble, and ſet off with her. That Miſs Neſby appeared dejected, and even ill, and that her chambermaid ſeemed to the full as dejected, and weaker than herſelf. If you take any concern in that ſweet and charming woman, ſaid ſhe, you may well pity her, my Lord. I know not what power this man has over her, but he often treats her with a kind of harſhneſs. While my maids were helping

Helena to put the apartment in order, they often heard him terrify the young lady with threats, and afflict her with reproaches; he was for ever chiding her for being uneaſy for the fate of another; whilſt ſhe accuſed him of ingratitude; their diſputes were warm and long. He flies into a paſſion, ſhe groans and weeps, then he falls down on his knees, aſks her pardon, wipes away her tears, appeaſes and comforts her, but this calm is of no long duration. Certainly ſhe is not happy, and if it be not yet too late, I wiſh for her ſake your lordſhip may be lucky enough to part her from a man whoſe natural temper ſeems cloudy and paſſionate.

The ſorrow which the diſcourſe of this woman gave me cannot be expreſſed. Oh Monglas! What a myſterious veil was now on the point of being removed. My eyes, ſo long ſhut, opened at laſt; every thing cleared up before me. I now ſaw that Nelſon, Emma's lover, was doubtleſs the object of that article in the will, which excluded every ſtranger from Sir Edmund's alliance,

and

and the cauſe of thoſe tears which his daughter ſhed when ſhe quitted Beauford. Oh! how came I not to reflect that this man, when he threw himſelf into the ſea, muſt have been impelled to ſo raſh an action by a motive much ſtronger than the deſire of withdrawing himſelf from the tyranny of a parent, or the leaving a country where he was not happy.

No ſooner does a ray of light dawn on our ideas, than we quickly collect every circumſtance which error or prepoſſeſſion made us conſider as of little importance. The apparent contradiction in Nelſon's character diſappeared; his love for Emma, his ſituation with regard to me, accounted for his actions, and for a conduct which had often ſurpriſed and offended me. But how could this man be ſo expreſsly rejected by a father, on the point of leaving his daughter without ſupport in a foreign land? Affection and duty alike called on the Baronet to give her a protector before he died: and what could render Nelſon unworthy of being the huſband of Miſs Neſby? Was it his

birth, his morals, or the narrowneſs of his fortune which kept him at a diſtance from her? Could he be deſervedly the object of Sir Edmund's contempt? Oh, how could I be ſo blind to the meanneſs of Emma's lover! Did not that air of myſtery with which he concealed himſelf ſufficiently prove it? He had impoſed on me by a falſe ſtory, and by fictitious misfortunes; he baſely abuſed my goodneſs of heart, in order to rob me of Emma; he had made uſe of a ſum of money, which he knew to be partly the gift of my liberality; had he not told me when he received it, *this ſum does not belong to Miſs Neſby?*

In proportion as my indignation roſe againſt Nelſon, I felt my affection for Emma redouble. A tender pity was blended with my love, and diſpoſed me to excuſe her, to pity her, and to imagine that when he forced her from her retreat, that daring man had poſſibly uſed a kind of violence. I recollected our laſt converſation: her tears, her terror, and that apprehenſion ſo movingly expreſſed, leſt *her father's friend ſhould fall*

fall a victim to the rigour of that deſtiny, whoſe malignant influence ſhe dreaded. It did not appear to me impoſſible but that Nelſon might have followed her into Europe without her knowledge or conſent. Poſſibly, her often ſeeing him; the ſolitude ſhe lived in at her father's; an engaging perſon, and his aſſiduous attention might have at firſt inſpired her with that tranſient regard which a young creature bred up at a diſtance from ſociety often miſtakes for a tender paſſion. Why her continual ſadneſs, if her ſentiments did not occaſion her ſorrow or regret? Perhaps Nelſon might poſſeſs a greater ſway over her mind than her heart, and perhaps ſhe might think herſelf bound by promiſes which ſhe wiſhed not to perform? He frightened her with threats, he afflicted her with reproaches. And why ſhould he have recourſe to threats if he thought himſelf beloved? *He complained of her regard for ſome other.* Oh, theſe complaints gave new life to my hopes! *She ſeemed dejected, and even ill.* Does it make us ſad or dejected while we follow a lover who is dear to us?—Sweet illuſions of deſire, what force

have you over an imagination ſeduced by yourſelves! Every thing convinced me of a confederacy between theſe two ungrateful people: they could not do otherwiſe than appear equally falſe and equally perfidious; but my heart wiſhed to find only one guilty.

Determined to oppoſe Nelſon's deſign, and to avail myſelf of the right which my quality of guardian gave me over Miſs Neſby, I ſent to every port to procure the moſt exact information; my intention was to prevent their embarking, or if I learned that they were ſailed, to croſs the ſea, claim my ward every where, and never ſee my country till I brought back her whom I was bound to defend and protect, and whoſe honour and felicity had been entruſted to my care. Yet being determined, even amidſt all the cruel agitations of my ſoul, to act with a ſtrict regard to juſtice, I propoſed to uſe no violence; but to ſacrifice every thing to the happineſs of Emma. If I found that Nelſon had neither uſed force nor artifice to withdraw her from my authority;

that

that ſhe had followed him voluntarily; that ſhe loved him, and intended to marry him; I felt myſelf capable to ſacrifice my love to her, and even my reſentment againſt a man in whom I ſhould reſpect her choice and the preference ſhe honoured him with.

With reſolutions ſo conformable to equity, and ſo reaſonable a plan, how was I led, driven—What fatality preſided over Nelſon's deſtiny and my own; guided my ſteps to the place where I was to prepare for myſelf eternal ſorrows; where I was to ſhed the blood of an unfortunate friend, and occaſion the death, the moſt afflicting death of a woman I adored.—Oh Monglas! I cannot—My hand refuſes—Painful recollection! How many horrors does that moment recall—I am conſtrained to ſtop.

Pity me, ſympathiſe with my ſorrows, and with the bitterneſs with which they overwhelm my heart. This long and dreadful ſtory tears open thoſe wounds which time can never cloſe. Happy he, who in this ſhort journey called life, while he travels

through difficult and thorny roads, or loſes himſelf in the midſt of by-paths, purſues his way at leaſt without carrying in his boſom the ſad reproach of having ſtopped another in the peaceful courſe of his journey. Farewel, my friend; ſo ſoon as I find myſelf in a condition to proceed, I will make it my endeavour to ſatisfy the obliging curioſity which your tender regard can alone inſpire.

Good God, my dear, how this interruption vexes me. A very warm and tender intereſt attaches me to this ſtory. Unfortunate Miſs Neſby, can I refuſe thee a tear. Unfortunate Nelſon—What ideas preſent themſelves to my agitated mind.—*From the bottom of her grave, Emma ſends me a father?* And this father Lord Lindſey! How, by what ſeries of events—Who? I! Shall I pronounce that honoured name, and feel myſelf preſſed in the embraces of a father! But when I compare with this account the facts related by Madam d'Auterive, I tremble, I ſhudder.—Oh Hortenſia, my Lord occaſioned

occaſioned the death, *the afflicting death of Emma:* he has *ſhed the blood of an unfortunate friend:* what fatal concurrence of circumſtances—How my heart is moved! It is too much ſo, to leave me the power to expreſs to you what it ſuffers.

Letter from the Marchioneſs de Monglas to Mademoiſelle de Canteleu, incloſing the Sequel of Lord Lindſey's Hiſtory.

BEFORE our charming friend is in a condition to clear up all her doubts by the peruſal of the incloſed packet, I earneſtly requeſt you would pleaſe to join your endeavours with ours to engage the tender hearted and delicate Sophia, not to reject the offers of Lord Lindſey. M. de Monglas apprehends leſt a young lady like her, ſo accuſtomed to diſcharge every duty, ſhould frame to herſelf the notion of a romantic one on an occaſion where the whole happineſs of her life is at ſtake. Be ſo good, Mademoiſelle, as to ſecond our intentions; write to her: prepare her, by

ſome well contrived hints, leading towards the truth, for that eclairciſſement which muſt unavoidably be imparted to her. Repreſent to her how unjuſt it would be to puniſh my Lord for circumſtances which are the work of mere chance, which ſeems to have paved the way for the event which he laments to this hour. He was unfortunate in having accompliſhed the decrees of fate; circumſtances forced him to it, and have blaſted his days with misfortunes. Eighteen years of ſorrow and regret have not been able to baniſh remorſe from his tender and generous heart. Indeed I think him more to be pitied than Nelſon! Tell Mademoiſelle de Valiere, that ſhe is deſtined to comfort him; that ſhe ought to call him her friend; that ſhe ought to call him her father; accept all his gifts, and every title he is pleaſed to beſtow on her. Oh, if you knew that amiable nobleman, his mildneſs, goodneſs, and virtues, he would be dear to you; you would, with us, wiſh for his peace, tranquillity and happineſs: this he can never taſte of, but in bringing about

about the felicity of Mademoiſelle de Valiere.

The meſſenger who delivers this packet, is to wait for the manuſcript and your anſwer.

Note from Lord Lindſey to the Marquis de Monglas, incloſing his laſt Packet.

BEFORE Mademoiſelle de Valiere is allowed to peruſe this packet be ſo kind, my dear Monglas, to run it over. The facts which it contains ſhould be communicated to her with precaution, and even by yourſelf in perſon. Her mind might otherwiſe be too ſtrongly impreſſed by the fatal images I am forced to preſent to her view.

I am this moment ſetting out for Paris. An unforſeen affair requires my preſence there; you ſhall know it. If the ſucceſs anſwer my expectation, I will ſee you towards the end of the week. I even flatter myſelf with having it in my power to bring with me a friend, who ardently wiſhes to

be introduced to you, and whoſe whole happineſs depends on meeting with a kind reception at Malzais. Farewel.

Sequel of Lord Lindſey's Story.

HAVING received certain information that the three perſons deſcribed had not taken ſhip in any port near London, I impatiently waited for the return of the expreſſes I had diſpatched to the more diſtant ports; when a young Dealer, who traded in linen cloth, and often went to Holland to lay in an aſſortment, being arrived from one of his voyages, came as uſual to offer me the choice of his goods. Having learned at my houſe how uneaſy I was to know what was become of Nelſon, who had lately diſappeared, he aſſured my people he could tell me where he was. They immediately brought him to me. He told me that the day before he left Amſterdam, he had ſeen Nelſon frequently going in and out of an inn, facing the houſe where he himſelf lodged. Thinking I might alſo be in Holland,

Holland, he had a mind to enquire. But was told by the landlady's daughter, that the ſtranger, whoſe name and country were unknown to her, came thither alone, ſeemed very melancholy; ſaw nobody, and would probably depart very ſoon.

The account of this man confounded all my ideas; it ill agreed with that of the farmer's wife. Nelſon, parted from Miſs Neſby, and alone at Amſterdam! Who then muſt have robbed me of Emma, what induced him to conceal his retreat? If Nelſon was not my rival, how was I to explain his ſilence, and clandeſtine departure? Could ſo offenſive a behaviour be without any motive? If his paſſion for Emma had not made him my enemy, would he knowingly have given me up to ſuch exquiſite and tormenting uneaſineſs? And yet it was impoſſible to miſtake the brutal Nelſon in the deſcription which the people at the farmer's had given me of him? What other man could have *treated* the gentle, the delicate Emma, *with harſhneſs*; would have dared to frighten her; would not have been afraid to afflict

her? Did not the complaints of this imperious man, and his reproaches ſufficiently convince me that he laid claim to rights more ancient and more avowed? If Miſs Neſby's affections had been ſettled on any man ſince her arrival in England, would ſhe have retained that love of ſolitude, that melancholy, which became every day more ſtrongly marked, and deeply rooted? Nothing oppoſed her inclinations, my ſilence left her free in her choice: when I mentioned my paſſion to her, far from availing myſelf of the promiſes of Sir Edmund, did I not make her the ſovereign diſpoſer of her own and my deſtiny? Wherefore then thoſe tears, thoſe alarms, that myſterious and incomprehenſible behaviour.

Amidſt theſe confuſed reflections, a ſmall ray of hope ſprung up in my heart. I felt a kind of comfort in ſaying to myſelf, Miſs Neſby has been ſeen; ſhe has not left London, Nelſon is in Holland by himſelf; why may not their ſeparation have been the effect of a quarrel, and of ſome rupture between them? Their ſeparation muſt there-

fore be voluntary? For who hindered their ſetting out together? Full of this idea, I reſolved to croſs the ſea, find out Nelſon, ſpeak to him, and clear up all my doubts. That very evening I gave the neceſſary orders for my voyage; the next day I went to Harwich, where finding the Packet ready to ſail, I embarked on board her, with John, my valet de chambre, the only ſervant I would allow to accompany me.

My paſſage was ſhort and without any ill accident. I arrived at Rotterdam, and from thence ſet out for Amſterdam. I alighted on the Canal du Prince*, at the houſe of George Vandenz, a rich merchant, whom I had formerly known in my travels, and more than once received at my houſe in London, whither his affairs, and ſtill more his deſire to ſee me had often brought him.

I did not find him at home himſelf. But his houſe-keeper, without knowing who I was, or ſo much as my name, conducted me into a very handſome apartment; begged

* The name of a ſtreet.

I would reſt myſelf, and ordered tea for me. I learned from her that that day was the anniverſary of a naval feſtival, on occaſion of ſome ſignal victory. The ſports of the mariners drew all the people to the port; her maſter was to give one of the prizes, but would not, ſhe ſaid, be long in returning; as he was that very evening to ſet out for Bruſſels, his ſervants and horſes were waiting for him at a country houſe of his, whither he was to go in his pleaſure-boat; but in paſſing along the Canal, he would call in at home, as he was to take with him ſome papers which one of his clerks had ready to deliver to him.

My impatience would not ſuffer me to wait for the return of Vandenz; by the anſwers of this woman I learned that I was at no great diſtance from the place of Nelſon's abode. I pretended I would walk towards the port, and leaving John with her, went out; followed the courſe of the Canal, and paſſed on towards the place deſcribed by the merchant. This populous city, at that time, ſeemed a deſert. I walked a conſiderable

conſiderable time without meeting any body; when, at the turning of a ſtreet, I perceived the inn I was ſeeking. With what an emotion did I approach it! On the point of unveiling a myſtery which concerned me ſo much, how could I help being in a violent agitation? I ſtrove to calm it; Nelſon's ingratitude ſhould naturally have excited in my heart rather contempt than anger. I was fully reſolved not to ſhew him any kind of reſentment; I wanted to be informed, but did not deſign to complain. After having ſerved the man, ought I to humble him with my reproaches? I ſwear it, Monglas, I ſought him with the moſt pacific diſpoſition; why did his paſſion, his fury — Unfortunate Henry! Thy brutality alone was the cauſe of thy death. I call heaven to witneſs, I intended no cruel revenge. Horrible day, for ever deteſted moment! What tears, what regret haſt thou coſt me; with what bitterneſs does the remembrance of thee ſtill overwhelm my ſoul!

At the door of the houſe, the firſt object which

which ſtruck me was Nelſon, talking with two or three women. He perceived me, and trembling, came forward to meet me. Pale and confounded, he viewed me with a wild look, and accoſting me in Spaniſh. What, you here? You! is it thus Lindſey proves his generoſity? So ill-timed a ſpeech from the mouth of Nelſon ſurpriſed and ſhocked me; but his conſternation, the terror painted on his countenance, excited my pity, and enabled me to contain the firſt ſally of my emotion. You owe me more than one explanation, anſwered I coolly, and as I have a right to exact them, I come to demand them of you. A man of honour cannot refuſe—I underſtand you, ſaid he with fire, I conſent to give you entire ſatisfaction; but was in hopes never to have ſeen you aſk it. Deceived by theſe words, whoſe ſenſe I interpreted wrong, and being diſpoſed to hear him, I would have gone in; he ſtopped me, caſt his anxious looks round him, and oppoſing my paſſage, this place, ſaid he, is not proper for your deſign, let us go farther from the houſe, come and you ſhall be ſatisfied. He came out, and walk-

ed

ed haſtily towards the Canal du Prince, inviting me to follow him.

Being arrived at the water ſide, he ſtopped and waited for me; I joined him. Well, ſaid he, what confeſſion is it which I ſtill owe you? What right do you imagine belongs to you? What dare you demand of me? Nothing that regards you alone, replied I, in indignation at his queſtions, and the haughty tone in which he put them. I take no intereſt in you, and you are with regard to me as if you did not exiſt. But I have not the ſame indifference for a young lady entruſted to my care; where is Miſs Neſby? Could you think me capable of renouncing—Oh! there's the man I eſteemed, ſaid he, interrupting me again; there's the heart which I imagined ſo noble, whoſe falſe virtues excited ſuch remorſe in mine! Thou haſt at laſt taken off the maſk; I thank heaven for thy injuſtice; it blots out the remembrance of all thy good offices; come, cried he, drawing his ſword, come and try to rob me of a life which I bluſh to owe thee.

Exaſperated

Exaſperated at his provoking boldneſs, and on the point of puniſhing him for it, I know not what emotion ſtill ſoftened my ſoul in favour of a madman, whoſe expreſſions appeared to me as unreaſonable as offenſive. While he was ſpeaking, he had advanced towards me; I withdrew two ſteps, and dropping my point, Henry, ſaid I, you attack me, and are not in a condition to defend yourſelf. Calm your tranſport, do not expoſe me to the neceſſity of ſhedding your blood. You was once dear to me; I hate you not.—But I deteſt Thee, cried he, advancing a ſecond time; Emma's lover is a monſter in my eyes. Conſtrained at laſt to oppoſe ſkill to fury, I parried off the thruſts he aimed at me, and endeavoured to diſarm him; but, hurried on by his rage, he was off his guard, laid himſelf open, and run upon my point!—Oh! I ſhudder ſtill—Oh Monglas! with what horror was I filled, on ſeeing that man fall at my feet whom I had ſo often and ſo tenderly preſſed to my boſom! At the ſight of his blood, which ſtreamed on the ground, I fetched a dreadful cry from the bottom of my heart.

I em-

I embraced the unfortunate man, ſpoke to him, would have aſſiſted him, ſtopped his blood, and recalled his ſpirits; when ſeveral men ran up from the water ſide, ſeized me, and carried me off in ſpite of all my reſiſtance. They put me into a ſmall boat, which rowed off with great expedition. In vain I cried aloud; in vain I ordered the boatmen to ſet me on ſhore again. They were ordered to get away and row as faſt as poſſible. I diſcovered Vandenz, and perceived John; their oppoſition to my efforts ſharpened my ſufferings and added impatience to my ſorrow; my voice failed me; my heart was oppreſſed, and I fell ſenſeleſs into their arms.

My weakneſs laſted not long. On recovering my ſenſes, I conjured Vandenz to order me to be put on ſhore. He repreſented to me in vain the danger which an imprudent and perhaps a fruitleſs compaſſion muſt expoſe me to; I continued to preſs him to yield to my deſire. It is not an enemy whom you force me to abandon ſo cruelly, ſaid I; is it not inhuman to deprive

prive him of my aſſiſtance? As he is a ſtranger here, of whom can this unfortunate man expect any? Oh, if he ſtill breathes, ſuffer me to reſtore him to life a ſecond time.

My ſervant, John, being deeply afflicted with the ſituation of a maſter whom he loved, begged of Vandez to ſet him on ſhore. He took notice to him, that not having been ſeen in my company, he might appear without any danger: he ſaid he would go and get what intelligence he could, and hoped to bring me back good news. Vandenz conſented to let him return; he told him to go to his houſe, and take what things he had juſt brought thither for my uſe; to bid them give him a horſe, and to return with all ſpeed to his country houſe, after having been very particular in telling him the way to it. John landed, and we continued our way by water.

The whole of this adventure appeared to me as extraordinary as it was afflicting. I could not conceive how John could poſ-

ſibly

ſibly meet Vandenz and guide him to the very place where I was. Nothing more ſimple than the event you are ſurpriſed at, ſaid my friend. The moment when you quitted my houſe, I was returning from the port. Stopping before my houſe, I ſent for one of my clerks; and while I was ſpeaking to him, John came forwards to the water's edge: being informed by him of your arrival, I was going to ſtep on ſhore from my boat, and to wait for you at my houſe, when the young man, raiſing a loud cry, and pointing at what occaſioned his terror, began to run, calling out, my maſter, my God, it is my maſter! Quickening my boatmen, I followed him, and ſaw your adverſary fall; I ſeconded John's zeal, and we carried you off from a place where a croud began already to gather; and even one man was running towards you, but he could not poſſibly from the diſtance diſtinguiſh, either your perſon, or the boat you went into; ceaſe therefore to lament, added he, a violence neceſſary to your ſafety, and do not leſſen, by unjuſt reproaches, the pleaſure I feel in having been uſeful to you.

I em-

I embraced Vandenz in ſilence; the oppreſſion of my heart did not leave me at liberty to expreſs my gratitude to him. In leſs than two hours we arrived at his houſe. Every thing there was prepared for his departure: ſo ſoon as we entered he ordered his chaiſe to be put up, and called for another. They ſerved up a light ſupper, but I could not poſſibly eat any thing. This hoſpitable and ſenſible man uſed all his endeavours to calm the troubles of my ſoul. He was afraid to aſk me the particulars of this affair. Notwithſtanding the extreme dejection of my ſpirits, I thought I owed to his affection a ſuccinct account of my acquaintance and connections with the man who had ſo lately attacked my life, and forced me to ſtand on my defence againſt his fury; I laid open to him the motives of my voyage into Holland, and during that ſhort recital, my ſighs and groans proved to him how little I foreſaw, when I ſought Nelſon, the iſſue of this fatal adventure.

Vandenz in the gentleſt terms reproved me for my extreme affliction. And whilſt he

ſympathiſed

ſympathiſed with me in my ſorrow, he enlarged on every conſideration which could moderate its exceſs. Nelſon he thought ſeemed to deſerve the fate he met with. A happy chain of circumſtances, continued he, may poſſibly for ever conceal the ſhare you have had in this man's misfortune. My boatmen, who are the only witneſſes of the duel, are ſailors belonging to one of my ſhips, which is to ſail tomorrow at day break. As ſoon as they quitted me, they went on board, and the ſhortneſs of the time will not allow them to approach the land. Beſides they do not know you, and it is their intereſt not to do me any prejudice. An affair of importance calls me into Flanders; when John returns, we will ſet out together, ſo that your coming to Amſterdam will neither be diſcovered nor ſuſpected.

I conſented to ſet off with Vandenz. A concern for my own ſafety did not take up my thoughts at that inſtant; but the fear of bringing my friend into trouble, eaſily determined

I embraced Vandenz in ſilence; the oppreſſion of my heart did not leave me at liberty to expreſs my gratitude to him. In leſs than two hours we arrived at his houſe. Every thing there was prepared for his departure: ſo ſoon as we entered he ordered his chaiſe to be put up, and called for another. They ſerved up a light ſupper, but I could not poſſibly eat any thing. This hoſpitable and ſenſible man uſed all his endeavours to calm the troubles of my ſoul. He was afraid to aſk me the particulars of this affair. Notwithſtanding the extreme dejection of my ſpirits, I thought I owed to his affection a ſuccinct account of my acquaintance and connections with the man who hád ſo lately attacked my life, and forced me to ſtand on my defence againſt his fury; I laid open to him the motives of my voyage into Holland, and during that ſhort recital, my ſighs and groans proved to him how little I foreſaw, when I ſought Nelſon, the iſſue of this fatal adventure.

Vandenz in the gentleſt terms reproved me for my extreme affliction. And whilſt he

ſympathiſed

ſympathiſed with me in my ſorrow, he enlarged on every conſideration which could moderate its exceſs. Nelſon he thought ſeemed to deſerve the fate he met with. A happy chain of circumſtances, continued he, may poſſibly for ever conceal the ſhare you have had in this man's misfortune. My boatmen, who are the only witneſſes of the duel, are ſailors belonging to one of my ſhips, which is to ſail tomorrow at day break. As ſoon as they quitted me, they went on board, and the ſhortneſs of the time will not allow them to approach the land. Beſides they do not know you, and it is their intereſt not to do me any prejudice. An affair of importance calls me into Flanders; when John returns, we will ſet out together, ſo that your coming to Amſterdam will neither be diſcovered nor ſuſpected.

I conſented to ſet off with Vandenz. A concern for my own ſafety did not take up my thoughts at that inſtant; but the fear of bringing my friend into trouble, eaſily determined

determined me to put myſelf under his guidance.

John was a good while in returning; I waited for him with uneaſineſs, and even with anxiety; vague ideas filled me with terror: I ſhuddered every moment; my thoughts wandered over gloomy and terrible objects; the image of Emma was amongſt theſe: I fancied I ſaw her tears flow, and that I heard her ſhrieks. — Oh Monglas, there are miſgivings — The ſenſible and ſad emotions of our hearts warn us in ſecret, while yet an intercepting veil conceals from our eyes the nature and magnitude of the evil, whoſe approaches we begin to perceive.

John appeared at laſt, but dejected, altered, and ſcarce able to ſupport himſelf. So ſoon as I perceived him, I read in his countenance the ſad certainty of Nelſon's death. He wept, and was unable to ſpeak: fear and horror were painted in his looks. He attempted to ſpeak, and joining his hands with an air of earneſtneſs, Fly, my Lord, fly,

fly, ſaid he; let nothing detain you in this fatal place, and would to heaven you had never ſet foot in it!

This admonition, his geſtures and tears confounded me; a mortal chillneſs froze my blood. What then could occaſion John's conſternation? I was afraid to hear it, yet deſired him to explain it to me. Vandenz did not give me time to queſtion him; but, ſeizing my hand, led me to his chaiſe. I took my ſeat and we ſet off, eſcorted by ſeveral men on horſeback: the oppreſſion of my heart was not diſpelled during the whole journey: I continued weak, and was unable to keep down the emotions of my ſoul; at Antwerp I parted from Vandenz, went to Dunkirk, and embarked in order to return to England.

When I recollected the whole of my conduct, from the inſtant when fortune brought me acquainted with Nelſon, I might have diſcovered in his ferocity, in his ingratitude, and in his perfidious diſſimulation, motives to mitigate a grief, which humanity alone could

excite; but my compaſſion averted all my thoughts from ſuch conſiderations: this ill-fated young man preſented himſelf to my idea, as one whom chance had thrown under my protection; as a ſtranger, depending on my care and aſſiſtance, and to whom even that dependence gave a juſt title to my indulgence and compaſſion: I forgot his faults, I lamented his deſtiny; while his bleeding wounds inceſſantly offered to my imagination all thoſe pungent reflections which ſharpened the reproaches of my heart.

During our paſſage, I in vain queſtioned John on the cauſe of the terror ſo ſtrongly marked in his countenance the inſtant of his return to Vandenz's: the perplexity of his anſwers, and his addreſs in eluding my queſtions, convinced me that he concealed ſome very afflicting circumſtances; but neither my commands nor entreaties could prevail on him to diſcloſe them. I arrived in London without forſeeing the terrible event which his zeal kept back from my knowledge. Being already ſo unhappy in my

own idea, could I think that ſorrows, yet more pungent and exquiſite, were ſtill to rack my ſoul and pierce it with a thouſand daggers.

On my arrival at my houſe, I found ſeveral packets of letters ſent me from Edinburgh to London. Nelſon's hand writing on the largeſt of theſe, made me ſhudder.—I took it up in an agony; I trembled; I had ſcarce power to open it; but what was my condition on peruſing this writing? Oh, my friend, read it and judge of the effect it produced in my heart.

Henry Maubray to Lord Lindſey.

IT is with ſhame and confuſion I am come to a determination to open to you the ſecret motives of my odious conduct. The tears of a woman whom I adore, too powerful on my ſoul, have drawn me aſide from the paths of honour, and conſtrained me to follow devious ways: Oh, how I reproach myſelf with my long, my baſe diſſimula-

tion ! How could I deceive you ; be wanting in candour, in gratitude, and pierce, with an unforſeen and cruel dart, the boſom of him whoſe tender compaſſion ſaved my life ; whoſe ſervices, whoſe kindneſs, whoſe friendſhip—I deteſt myſelf. Contemptible in my own eyes, what a baſe wretch muſt I appear in thoſe of the noble, the generous Lindſey !

Learn then my Lord, who I am, and with what deſign I deſired a paſſage on board the veſſel in which you had juſt embarked. When I threw myſelf into the ſea, like a madman, though I afterwards became the object of your pity, I expoſed my own, only that I might attack your life ; diſpute the poſſeſſion of Miſs Neſby with you, and either carry her off, or periſh by your hands. The revengeful Sir Edmund, by ſending her away from Carolina, entruſting to you the conducting her to her native country, and placing her under your protection, intended to puniſh me for an involuntary crime, and facrificed his daughter's happineſs to the barbarous pleaſure of overwhelming me with

the

the weight of his hatred, and revenging on me the contempt he had endured from my uncle, whoſe harſh behaviour I had experienced no leſs than himſelf.

My name is not Nelſon, but Henry Maubray. During the time of that confidence which I repoſed in you at your own requeſt, and which laſted till that inſtant when, miſtaking my expreſſions, you pitied me for having killed the woman I adored, my account was agreeable to truth. I did not undeceive you, without however grounding then any proſpect on your miſtake. But I found reaſon to alter my reſolution, after having received ſo many great and recent obligations. I flattered myſelf I ſhould not find a rival in the friend of Miſs Neſby's father: my heart grew calmer; pleaſing hopes, and friendſhip joined to gratitude, found their way to it. A more ſincere avowal would have ſoon ſucceeded theſe affections, had they not been thwarted by a cruel paſſion, and if ſentiments of jealouſy had not continually obtruded on that ſympathy which impelled me to love you.

My fear leſt Sir Edmund might have informed you of his daughter's inclination for an inhabitant of the country, out of which he had juſt been ſending her, and that he might have prejudiced you againſt me, forced me to conceal my name and country from you. It was not in Carolina, but in James-Town in Virginia, where the Baronet, after having wandered for ſix years in our colonies, came to fix his reſidence, that my heart was fired with the love of Miſs Neſby. Mr. Hervey, my uncle, was then governor. My aſſiduities met with ſucceſs with Emma, and her parents agreed to my vows; but then they inſiſted on my uncle's conſent. This haughty relation deſpiſed the alliance of a man without any fortune or connexions; he cauſed me to be carried off as I told you, with a deſign to ſeparate me eternally from the charming girl who poſſeſſed every affection of my ſoul.

While he kept me priſoner far from her, he uſed his power and addreſs to give Sir Edmund a diſtaſte to a place, where he every inſtant made him undergo new mortifications.

tifications. The Baronet reſolved to quit Virginia; but before he left it, he forced his daughter to releaſe me from my oaths, to renounce me, and to exact my formal promiſe no longer to encourage any hope of ever being her's. It was then that, eſcaping from the fort where I was ſtill detained, at the hazard of periſhing in the ſea, agitated by winds contrary to my courſe, I embarked, and ſtrove to make the wiſhed-for ſhore, whither love attracted me. I arrived at James-Town; and was introduced, under favour of the night, into the Baronet's houſe; I ſeized the precious treaſure he would have robbed me of. Being attacked by him and his ſlaves, it was Lady Neſby, it was Emma's mother, who received from my hand the blow aimed at the deſperate fellow who had the boldneſs to throw himſelf between her daughter and me.

At the ſight of the blood of that reſpected dear woman, whom I had a thouſand times called my mother, I made the church echo with my ſorrowful cries; I ceaſed to defend

myſelf, and forgot all care of my life; Sir Edmund ordered his people not to ſpare me; Lady Neſby embraced me, oppoſed the Baronet's fury, and aſſured him that her wound was but ſlight; ſhe gave me her pardon, and pitied me. That inſtant my uncle appeared, followed by ſeveral armed men; Lady Neſby's generoſity affected and melted him; ſhe laid hold of that inſtant, and ſpoke to him; her gentleneſs and her tears redoubled my uncle's emotion, got the better of his pride, and he conſented to her deſires and mine; he then ordered Miſs Neſby to be led back to the altar and to receive my plighted faith. Emma, trembling, advanced with a ſlow pace, when I flew to meet her. The inflexible Baronet parted us, drove me back, and forbid her to come near me; he called me raviſher and aſſaſſin; he imprecated on his daughter the moſt dreadful curſes if ſhe dared to beſtow herſelf on the murderer of her mother. I fell at his feet, I required of him either death or the hand of Miſs Neſby; he rejected with haughtineſs my prayers and ſubmiſſions: at this my uncle, filled with indignation, cauſed me to be

ſeized,

ſeized, and forcibly carried to his houſe, where I was detained in ſpite of my cries and groans, and kept under guard like a madman, whoſe actions are to be dreaded.

For upwards of a month my bewildered reaſon rendered me almoſt inſenſible of my misfortune. A conſuming fever waſted me, and deprived me of the uſe of my ſenſes; the tranſports into which theſe redoubled fits threw me, revived me ſufficiently to make me ſenſible of my ſad exiſtence, and I afterwards fell into a ſullen ſtupidity: happy ſituation, compared with the deplorable ſtate of my mind, when ſentiment and reflection returned to torment it.

I did not for a long time hear of the death of Lady Neſby, nor of the departure of Sir Edmund. What tears did I ſhed when I heard of the loſs of Emma's mother, and what a barrier did it put between her daughter and me, if the Baronet ſhould accuſe me of it! The wound indeed, did not occaſion it, for ſhe was cured in a few days; but the noiſe of this adventure,

the cruel treatment with which Sir Edmund uſed the ſad, the innocent Emma, exhauſted her ſpirits, revived the ſenſe of her diſappointments, and at laſt broke her heart. Miſs Neſby, diſconſolate, followed her father, without knowing whither he led her, and without being able to learn the lot he was preparing for her; while I, was kept in cloſe captivity, and threatened with never being ſet at liberty, if I did not conſent to break all the ties which bound me to Sir Edmund's daughter; and if I did not enter into new engagements to convince my uncle of the change in my inclination, which was ſo criminal in his eyes: all this threw me into the deepeſt regret and the blackeſt melancholy; I fell into a ſtate of dejection, which endangered my life a ſecond time.

My uncle being alarmed, imagined it was his duty to treat me with leſs rigour, and no longer kept me a priſoner; he gave me leave to walk abroad, accompanied by two men who belonged to him, who were charged to keep a watchful eye on my behaviour,

haviour, and to prevent my flight if they perceived in me any inclination to leave James-Town.

The firſt uſe I made of ſo confined a liberty, was to viſit every place where I had ſeen Miſs Neſby, and where I had enjoyed the happineſs of ſpeaking to her and hearing her: my heart claimed her from every object which recalled to me the happy time when I ſpent whole hours in her company; the houſe which ſhe no longer inhabited, her gardens now become a mournful deſart, alſo drew me within their walls; my eyes drowned in tears ſought the traces of her ſteps; I viſited her mother's tomb to weep over it, and pour out my ſighs at the foot of that altar where all my happineſs had vaniſhed; I called on Emma with ſorrowful cries; my exhauſted ſpirits allowed me to form no project, or to keep to no idea; I loſt myſelf in the contemplation of my miſery, and the faculty of ſuffering ſeemed the only one left me.

The place of Sir Edmund's retreat was

carefully concealed from me. My enquiries at laſt enabled me to diſcover it. One of the young companions of Emma, whoſe ſiſter had married an inhabitant of Carolina, informed me that the Baronet lived near Beauford, at ſome ſmall diſtance from the abode of her brother-in-law. Moved at the perplexity ſhe ſaw me in, for want of ſome ſure way to convey a letter to the hands of her friend, ſhe offered me to engage her ſiſter to deliver privately as many as I pleaſed. With what gratitude and tranſport did I accept the offer; with what readineſs did I ſeize this happy opportunity of writing to Miſs Neſby: my heart had ſo many ſentiments to expreſs to her; ſo many favours to obtain, that my hand trembled when I aſked her a forgiveneſs which I did not dare to expect. Did I deſerve to move her, I, whoſe imprudence had cauſed all her ſufferings?

With what joy was I filled on receiving the anſwer of my faithful, my conſtant Emma! What ſweet conſolation to find in her letter neither complaints nor reproaches.

She

She ſuffered for me, and her generous ſoul did not accuſe me of her misfortunes; ſhe condeſcended to ſooth my pain by vows of tenderneſs; ſhe renewed her aſſurances to be mine; ſhe promiſed to ſurmount every obſtacle which oppoſed our union, but ſhe forbade me to think of coming near the place where ſhe was, or to attempt any thing with a view to ſee her, and perhaps ſhe might ſoon *releaſe me from the laws ſhe impoſed on me*. Oh, her commands were ſacred to me! My charming friend loved me; ſhe was concerned for the unfortunate man who was forced to pour forth his ſorrows far from her; he was always dear to her; ſhe kept her heart for him, ſhe promiſed him her faith, and gave him ſome proſpect of a time when their common felicity might take place again! My lips preſſed with delight the traces of that adored hand: an hundred times I read, repeated Emma's moving expreſſions! To be beloved by her, and ſometimes to receive proofs of her tender affection, I thought this ſufficient to enable me to ſupport the rigours of abſence; to ſuſpend my impatient

ardour,

ardour, and to inſpire me with all the moderation ſhe required of me. I ſwore never to tranſgreſs her laws, and to obey her; but thoſe gentle diſpoſitions were ſoon altered, and the moſt tormenting uneaſineſs returned to vex my ſoul.

Miſs Arthur, Emma's young friend, acquainted me with your being at Sir Edmund's; with the project he had formed to ſend his daughter into England, and to entruſt you with the care of conducting her thither. This intelligence, which ſhe had from her ſiſter, made me experience the only torment with which a paſſion ſo croſſed had hitherto afflicted my heart. I reſiſted its firſt attacks by my extreme confidence in Emma's reiterated promiſes: ſhe had juſt written to me; ſhe told me of her father's illneſs, and of the danger thatt hreatened his life; but ſaid nothing of his projects, nor of the friend whom he intended to make the inſtrument of his hatred and revenge. I doubted the truth of Miſs Arthur's account, as people might have formed wrong conjectures; that perhaps you might not be

then

then at Beauford: what! would Miſs Neſby have kept ſilence on ſo intereſting a ſubject! would ſhe not have given me notice to attempt every thing to prevent her departure, and to carry her off from the ſtranger who was to convey her ſo far from our country and ſeparate us for ever! I wrote to her. After a long and painful expectation, her anſwer removed my uncertainty, and delivered up my ſoul to all the rage of jealouſy; that ſubtile and baleful poiſon, whoſe traces can never be wholly deſtroyed.

Miſs Neſby informed me of the death of her father, which had happened about a month before, and of the oaths exacted of her by that unjuſt and rigid parent. Being forced to take them, and to atteſt heaven for her fidelity in obſerving them, ſhe had been herſelf conſtrained to promiſe, to ſwear to obey rigorous laws; never to be *the wife of Henry Maubray*; to renounce his love and himſelf, with all the happineſs, whoſe flattering hopes ſhe had ſo long nouriſhed. Terrifying threats, which extended even

to

to myſelf, filled her, ſhe ſaid, with horror and diſmay, and made her ſhudder at the very notion of guilty perjury; ſhe was to ſail for Europe under the conduct of one of her father's friends. She would never enter into any engagement contrary to thoſe whoſe remembrance ſhe would ever cheriſh: ſhe would lament under another ſky her irreparable loſs; ſhe would regret all her life, the treaſure ſhe had left behind her in our happy climes.

Great God! what emotions did that letter excite; with what daggers did it pierce my heart! I fancied myſelf betrayed, I concluded I was forgotten. She, Emma! promiſe, ſwear never to be mine! Bely by the baſeſt oaths, thoſe which her lips had ſo often repeated. What! from his grave, muſt the barbarous Sir Edmund diſpoſe of his daughter? What! Miſs Neſby was free, and yet renounced me; ſhe might diſpoſe of herſelf, and yet ſhe was loſt to me! Could the cruel woman conſent to abandon, to fly from me; could ſhe voluntarily condemn me to eternal ſorrows! I fancied my

love

love was dying within me; every paſſion whoſe violence I experienced, no longer ſeemed to have any tincture of that ſentiment; vexation; fury; the deſire of vengeance alone occupied my thoughts; I was bent on puniſhing an ungrateful woman, and on ſacrificing in her ſight that friend of her father, doubtleſs deſtined to receive the hand which ſhe had dared to ſwear never to beſtow on me.

That very night I forced open a cabinet in which my uncle kept his moſt valuable effects. I took out a caſket filled with ingots of gold; I immediately employed part of it in corrupting the fidelity of my keepers, who promiſed to ſecond my deſigns. By their help, I made my eſcape before day; they favoured my attempt. I embarked, while proſperous winds wafted me to thoſe ſhores where I wiſhed to land. I ſhuddered on diſcovering the coaſt of Carolina; I arrived at Beauford: Oh fury! Oh deſpair! Emma was juſt gone thence; they pointed to the ſhip which carried her away from me, and ſnatched you from my

vengeance.

vengeance. Driven thus to deſpair, I raiſed loud cries; I called on Emma; I ſtretched out my arms towards the ſails, which too ſwiftly conveyed her far from me: my boatmen offered to put off with me again, and gave hopes of being able to come up with the ſhip; I re-embarked, encouraged the men to ply their oars, which they did with all their might: I came up with you: when ready to come on board, a guſt of wind deceived my hopes, and drove me to a diſtance; this oppoſition from fate threw me into ſuch an emotion of impatience, ſo painful and ſo violent, that being reſolved to regain the ſhip by ſwimming, or periſh in the waves, I threw myſelf into the ſea; but the agitation of my ſpirits had doubtleſs already exhauſted my ſtrength; I was quite ſpent, and had it not been for your compaſſion, I muſt have fallen a victim to my own imprudence.

What was my ſurpriſe and conſternation, when I was informed to whom I owed my life! to find myſelf under the protection of Lord Lindſey; of the man whom I ſought

with

with ſo cruel a deſign; to be no longer able to attack his life without accuſing myſelf of baſe ingratitude, and without deſerving the reproaches of my own heart. Oh, how often did this diſappointment in my projects fill my ſoul with bitterneſs! but in a very few moments, hurried away in ſpite of all my endeavours by that powerful charm inſeparable from virtue, I found myſelf conſtrained to reſpect, and felt myſelf forced to honour the generous benefactor, who rejecting that title, invited me to call him friend.

Inſenſibly my ſoul grew calm. The pleaſure of ſeeing Emma; of reading in her eyes that her heart was not changed; your behaviour to her, where nothing appeared but friendſhip; the affecting marks of the regard you honoured me with, diſpelled part of my uneaſineſs; every inſtant produced in me a ſtronger attachment to you: I bluſhed at having failed in point of ſincerity; I purpoſed to treat you with more confidence, and to make amends for my fault by a faithful diſcovery of the truth; I flattered myſelf with obtaining from the humane

humane guardian of Emma, that adored hand, which Sir Edmund's laſt will ſeemed to give him an excluſive right to diſpoſe of. I could not conceive that ſo noble a heart could ever be brought to countenance ſuch a will, when he became acquainted with the injuſtice of it; and when he ſhould know for certain that pride and reſentment alone had dictated it? Full of theſe notions, and of the moſt pleaſing hopes, I informed Emma of my deſign; ſhe was alarmed at it, and conjured me to renounce it; nay ſhe exacted of me a ſolemn promiſe never to reveal to you the ſecret of our intelligence. In vain did I preſs her to let me know the reaſon of ſo poſitive a prohibition; ſhe refuſed to explain her ſecret motives for it; her obſtinacy in concealing them from me gave me much trouble and anxiety, and baniſhed from my ſoul that peace which began to revive within me.

Our arrival in London redoubled my vexation; the ſilence you enjoined me concerning your Ward; your myſterious care

to

to conceal from Lady Lindſey the daughter of a friend, whom you ought naturally to have preſented to her, and placed under her protection, with your melancholy on the road to Bath, awakened my ſuſpicions. With what violence were they revived by the cruel letters of Miſs Neſby? By her ardent requeſt to renounce that union to which I annexed all the happineſs of my life. The gift of her hand, ſhe repeatedly told me, would now be but an ill-fated preſent, tending only to make me ſhare in the curſes called down on her head. That her former promiſes and oaths, broke all ties between us, and blaſted all our hopes! That ſhe would live ſingle, and would never forget me. That her love, now become a ſad and painful ſentiment, ſhould be for ever dear to the tender and unfortunate heart, whoſe delight it had formerly been, and ſhould never be extinguiſhed but with her life.

With what bitterneſs did theſe expreſſions fill me, and what probable conjectures did they ſeem to confirm? How could I perſuade myſelf that Sir Edmund's threats could

could have made an impreſſion on the ſenſible and conſiderate mind of his daughter, ſtrong enough to induce her to ſacrifice her happineſs and mine to ſuch idle fears. Could promiſes drawn by ſurprize from her timid ſubmiſſion, deſtroy the force of ſo many free and voluntary oaths? Had ſhe not a thouſand and a thouſand times ſworn to be mine? She did not accuſe me of her mother's death. Ever ſince her quitting Virginia, all her letters aſſured me of her conſtancy, and expreſſed a paſſionate deſire to make me happy: Oh, ſuch were then the ſuggeſtions of her heart? Why therefore were her diſpoſitions changed? Was you the cauſe of this alteration in her projects, in her conduct, and in her ſentiments? Did ſhe diſſemble thoſe alarms, thoſe terrors, in order to keep away the unfortunate lover, whoſe paſſion no longer moved her. How theſe reflections afflicted me; what tumultous and terrible emotions agitated me; how often, abandoning myſelf to them, even in your preſence, and looking on you as the ſecret object of the reſolutions of Miſs Neſby, did I find myſelf on

the point of loſing what little moderation I had left, of avowing myſelf your enemy, and calling you to an account for all the torments which rent my heart.

After my return to London, I underwent ſtill greater. I could not talk with Miſs Neſby but in the preſence of ſeveral witneſſes, while you ſpent whole hours in her apartment. I knew the narrowneſs of her fortune, and ſaw her ſurrounded with riches and ſplendour. Your money purchaſed her fine cloaths; your aſſiduity anticipated her wiſhes; you amuſed her with diverſions, and you was often cruel without being conſcious of it: you made me the bearer of thoſe preſents, the teſtimonies of your regard; you inceſſantly offered to her eyes objects capable of dazzling her; and I, what could I offer? Features altered by grief; that timid and clouded aſpect which misfortune wears, while overwhelmed with ſorrow; ſighs, tears, unavailing complaints, and importunate reproaches were the only tribute of an unſucceſsful and paſſion, of an oppreſſed heart, whoſe fallen courage ſunk

under

under the load of dependence and humiliation.

My deep affliction ſenſibly moved the generous Emma; ſhe ſought the means to calm my ſoul; but ſhe wrote to me in vain; in vain ſhe would have removed my fears as to her own and your ſentiments: letters which could not reſtore my hopes, and which continually convinced me of her attachment to her cruel reſolutions, added ſtings to my vexation. She conſented at length to give me leave to ſpeak to her, and, in order to facilitate the means of it, ſhe began to take frequent walks in the environs of London; ſhe every morning went out with none but Helena. We ſaw and converſed with each other; I found the charming miſtreſs of my ſoul as full of ſenſibility and tenderneſs as in thoſe happy times when our hearts were united by ſuch pleaſing and powerful ties. Her goodneſs diſpelled my uneaſineſs, my ſuſpicions vaniſhed, I grew ſatisfied, and thought my peace reſtored: but can the lover who has once given way to jealous anxiety ever recover perfect tranquillity? The

momentary quiet he enjoys, is but a ſuſpenſion of his fears, while his former emotions are ever ready to return upon him.

By adhering to her reſolution not to be mine, could Miſs Neſby extinguiſh all my doubts? In vain did ſhe aſſure me that friendſhip alone made you intereſt yourſelf in her deſtiny; your conduct diſcovered ſentiments of a tenderer nature: if ſhe was ignorant of your love, how came ſhe, during our paſſage, to forbid me to make you the confident of mine? Did not her continual oppoſition to the avowal I wiſhed to have made to you, diſcover her fear of the conſequences of a declared rivalſhip? If ſhe imagined it her duty to refuſe me her hand, ſhe might likewiſe think it incumbent on her to beſtow it on Lord Lindſey: what claims had I on her, if her heart refuſed to confirm them, and if ſhe acknowledged yours. Could the ſtranger excluded by Sir Edmund's will, without ſupport, without protection, and without a friend; in a country where rank, birth, and fortune gave you ſo much importance: could he dare to

challenge the promiſes of a young lady entruſted to your protection; a young lady whoſe choice it was in your power to reject, if it ſhould prove contrary to her father's intention.

How often did I reproach myſelf with my impetuoſity and violence; how often did I regret the caſket ſo imprudently left behind me; it would have facilitated my deſign of carrying off Emma, and of conveying her far from England and from you. I ſhould have no longer lived in a ſtate of dependence on you; ſhould have owed you neither deference, gratitude, nor friendſhip! Reduced to wait for anſwers from Virginia; uncertain of the time when they would arrive, and not knowing whether they might prove conformable to my wiſhes, I was inconſolable; I taſted not a moment's quiet: I inceſſantly begged of Miſs Neſby to grant my requeſt. I repreſented to her that the only puniſhment her diſobedience could meet with, would be the loſs of a very ſcanty inheritance, the conſideration of which was not worthy to enter into the motives of her

her refuſal: I excited her compaſſion; I afflicted her, but could not determine her. Unable to ſupport any longer ſo irkſome a ſituation, I informed her that I was reſolved to get out of it, ſpeak to you, lay before you the ſtrict truth, open my heart to you, read yours, and in ſhort free myſelf from that continual jealous torment which your aſſiduities to her gave me, and from that inſupportable conſtraint I lay under with regard to every thing that I wiſhed and deſired.

The timid Emma ſhuddered at my deſign; ſhe trembled for my life and for yours: the ſad event which had baniſhed her father from his country, always preſent to her memory, had for a long time paſt fixed her ideas on the danger which ſeemed to threaten the lover whom ſhe adored, and the friend whom ſhe reſpected. A thouſand times ſhe had perceived the emotions of my ſoul, a thouſand times ſhe had been alarmed at them. I was indebted to her terror for the happineſs to which I ſo ardently aſpired: it was the price of the oath which I ſwore to a-

bandon my project, and to put the ſea between you and me, before I revealed our ſecrets to you. Encouraged by my promiſes, ſhe conſented at laſt to my happineſs. We were married, five miles from London, by a worthy clergyman, who had the good nature to procure us a ſmall apartment near town, at the houſe of one of his nieces, where we enjoyed the pleaſure of ſeeing and converſing with each other without any witneſs.

Oh inexpreſſible delights of happy love! Delicious pleaſures! Flattering ſenſations! Always ſpringing, always new; how great your power over a feeling heart! In the arms of my dear Emma I loſt all remembrance of the bitterneſs of abſence, of the torments of expectation; and for ſeveral months my happineſs deſtroyed all traces of thoſe ſufferings to which my ſtate of uncertainty and jealouſy had ſo long made me a victim.

All my wiſhes were then turned towards my country. On my arrival in town from Bath,

Bath, I had written to Mr. Stanley, my countryman and friend. His affection for me aſſured me of his zeal to ſerve me: I acquainted him with my adventure, and with the deſire I had to re-viſit Virginia. I gave him in charge to deliver a very ſubmiſſive letter I had written to my uncle: I begged his pardon for having ſo juſtly irritated him; I beſought him to remit me ſuch ſums as might enable me to clear my debts in London, and put me into a condition to return home, and make amends by my continual attention to pleaſe him, for all thoſe imprudent ſteps, and all thoſe faults which muſt neceſſarily have raiſed his anger againſt me. I received Stanley's anſwer about a month before Lady Lindſey's illneſs determined her on her journey into Scotland. He gave me ſmall hopes of being able to appeaſe my uncle; however he exhorted me to take courage; to give myſelf no uneaſineſs, and promiſed me to fall upon ſome means to convey me back to Virginia.

Happy on the receipt of his letter, I could

have waited without impatience for the good effects of his friendſhip, if this delay had not thrown my fearful wife into the blackeſt melancholy. When ſhe found that ſhe could not much longer conceal the effects of our union, her mind was filled with the moſt fatal ideas; the neceſſary diſcovery of our marriage made her anticipate unavoidable misfortunes. How were you likely to receive this late and forced information; how could ſhe find courage enough to avow a miſtruſt ſo provoking, and a diſſimulation ſo blameable; who could pretend to excuſe her ingratitude and mine to you, and how could I bear the juſt reproach of it? Theſe conſiderations filled her ſoul with terror; ſhe thought herſelf on the point of meeting with the puniſhment of her diſobedience and violated oaths; ſhe no longer took courage from my promiſes; her father's threats kept her in continual alarms; ſhe inceſſantly conjured me not to wait for the ſucceſs of Stanley's good offices, and to diſpoſe of her trinkets and jewels to put me in a condition to fly, and to bid adieu to the banks of the Thames for ever.

I re-

I reſolutely rejected a project which Emma never would have formed had not her mind been diſturbed by fear. She did not look on your preſents as a poſſeſſion which ſhe might appropriate to herſelf, and honour would not permit me to uſe them to enable me to quit England. Her vexation, and her tears, plunged me anew into an extreme dejection. You ſaw my melancholy condition, you diſcovered in the bottom of my heart the deſire I had to repaſs the ſeas; you offered me the means to ſatisfy that deſire: you muſt have concluded me at that time mad. For what could you think of my violent emotions when I rejected your generous offer? Strongly tempted to accept it, but with-held by circumſtances, I choſe rather ſtill to ſuffer, than to add meanneſs to ingratitude.

Ever ſince the happy day when the poſſeſſion of Emma completed my deareſt wiſhes, no jealous ſentiment had found entrance into my heart. I ſaw you in her company without uneaſineſs; I no longer obſerved you with that anxious attention, with

that diſpoſition to give a cruel interpretation to the moſt indifferent actions, and to the ſimpleſt expreſſions; I doubted not that Emma might poſſibly inſpire you with tenderneſs; but my confidence in her, your reſerve, her virtue and her love kept up the tranquillity I enjoyed. Oh! why did you both, on the evening before our departure for Scotland, rekindle the fire which I thought extinct. For on that day, on entering Emma's apartment, I found her in tears, pale, and ſhunning my looks; you ſpeechleſs, confounded, and aſtoniſhed at my preſence: great God, what emotions roſe in my ſoul! Did Emma lament your enſuing departure; had you been juſt then acquainting her with your paſſion; did her tears flow from her regret that ſhe had deprived herſelf of the liberty of partaking in your ſentiments, and making you happy? With what rapidity did a thouſand ideas preſent themſelves to my mind, oppreſs my heart, and ſuſpend the uſe of all my powers. You went out; Mrs. Howard was called for, and left us: when alone with Emma, I queſtioned her concerning your confuſion,

her

her grief, and the extreme agitation I ſtill ſaw her in. She heſitated, trembled, raiſed her eyes to heaven; I am unfortunate, cried ſhe, drowned in tears; I am truly unfortunate! On pronouncing theſe ſad words, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs into my arms: the cries of Helena brought in company; I was forced to go out, and all the reſt of the day I could neither ſee nor ſpeak with her.

The next day I ſet out with you, bearing a heart torn with deep concern, fatal ſuſpicions, and that devouring anxiety, more difficult to ſupport than extreme ſorrow, or even the moſt unwelcome diſcovery.

No alteration in your conduct, with regard to me, gave me cauſe to imagine you had been appriſed of the ſecrets of Emma: and how ſhould ſhe have diſcovered them, ſhe who feared ſo much to let you gueſs at them? What then could have been the ſubject of a converſation capable of throwing you both into ſo great a con-

fuſion? Emma's letters gave me no light into that ſtrange incident; but her tenderneſs was expreſſed with ſo much energy and truth, that I often reproached myſelf for having entertained any doubt of a heart ſo ſenſible, and ſo ſincerely moved with my ſlighteſt vexations.

The ſorrow that overwhelmed you; your alarms on account of Lady Lindſey's danger; that filial piety which attached you to her, and which forced tears from you, revived in me ſentiments too often weakened by thoſe of jealouſy. I ceaſed to view you in the light of a rival; I conſidered you only as a friend; I partook in your ſufferings; my tears flowed when yours did; I deplored the ſad fatality which forced me to make you unhappy, and a thouſand times I wiſhed that your generous compaſſion had not preſerved a life deſtined to trouble, and perhaps for ever deſtroy the tranquillity of yours.

You imparted to me your paſſion, your vexations; the tears and ſtrange diſcourſe of

of Miſs Neſby; the uneaſineſs, the ſad impreſſions which were made on you by your laſt converſation with her. This confidence cleared up a doubt which I was ſtrongly affected with: happy if my heart had entertained none on the aſtoniſhing conſtancy of your ſentiments. The more I ſtrove to repreſent to you every argument which ought to have induced you to ſtifle a paſſion fruitleſs, contrary to your intereſt, to your quiet, and to your happineſs, the more you ſeemed determined to cheriſh it. How could I perſuade myſelf that a flame ſo violent had never been encouraged by hope? How could I help thinking that Emma had formerly admitted your addreſſes with kindneſs enough to give you grounds to believe they were not diſagreeable to her? This cruel idea I have not been able to baniſh: it hurts, it alarms a ſenſible heart. Oh! without the delight of thinking one's ſelf preferred, what pleaſure, what ſatisfaction is there in love? If I am to owe my happineſs to nothing but fear, condeſcenſion, and pity; I can never value, never enjoy it.

But with what trivial circumſtances do I fatigue your attention: this I hope you will pardon in a mind not maſter of itſelf. Emma had received the letters which ſhe expected with impatience. That inſtant ſhe left Mrs. Howard's, and preſſed me to return to London, where I was to receive the ſum I had aſked of Stanley. You furniſhed me with a pretence of going to receive it: Oh! how could I ſo meanly lay hold of it? Why, by too ſcrupulous an adherence to the promiſes I had made my wife, had I not the courage to break my guilty ſilence, and fail in my word, which had been too imprudently given? I ought to have undeceived you; confeſſed my ingratitude, and renounced that vile diſſimulation, which gives me up to ſorrow, ſhame, and remorſe! Every inſtant an inward voice calls to me; as a return for his goodneſs, Lindſey, deceived and betrayed, laments the loſs of Emma, threatens her raviſher, treats him as perfidious, as baſe—Have I then ſubmitted to deſerve theſe infamous titles? Oh, what reparation.—There is but one—I ſhudder to think on it.

What

What caprice of fate compells us to afflict each other? You are unhappy thro' me; I ceaſe to be happy by your means. After having ſo earneſtly deſired to quit England, and to remove far from you, why do I ſee Emma overwhelmed with grief? Why does ſhe turn pale on hearing your name mentioned? Why are her eyes bathed in tears! — Oh! when you communicated your ſentiments to her, did ſhe inadvertently diſcover a regret? What induced her to oblige me to ſet out by myſelf, and to quit London ſix days before her? Had ſhe written to you? — Vaniſh theſe black ſuſpicions! — But alas! can my happineſs ever be reſtored! Can peace ever dwell in a guilty heart!

Noble, generous Lindſey; my deliverer; my friend! You, whoſe equity is ſo well known to me; whoſe virtues I revere; be you the arbiter of my deſtiny: weigh all my titles, and eſtimate your own; judge my offence and pronounce the atonement: if you cannot pardon, come and puniſh me; if you cannot renounce Sir Edmund's daugh-

ter, come and force her from my arms. So long as the vital breath inſpires me, ſhe never can be yours; but when I am no more; if it be poſſible ſhe can ſurvive my loſs, and that a ſoul ſo ſenſible can ſupport a misfortune ſo long the ſubject of her fears; if that faithful heart can admit of any new impreſſion; may Lindſey wipe away her tears, be her conſolation, and be happy through her.—Oh no, may no other ever raiſe a tender ſentiment in her; dear Emma! canſt thou forget me?

You will find in London, at Norton's the banker, the twelve thouſand pounds you entruſted me with at Edinburgh. The trinkets and jewels, the gifts of your liberality, will be remitted to you by him, with the whole of the money you was ſo good to advance to the man, who would be bold to prove his gratitude at this inſtant, if his paſt conduct permitted him to mention it without aggravating the juſt reproaches of his heart.

Helena, who was left ill at London, and

is expected here with all our effects, facilitates the means of prolonging my ſtay at this place without making Emma uneaſy at my deſigns. I repeat it, my Lord; if you think yourſelf inſulted; if my blood ſhed by your hands can alone blot out the injury, I will wait for you — But no, let us ſpare Emma; let us not heighten her fears: I can return to England, if you require it, and give you whatever ſatisfaction you demand.

Why does my heart reproach me! What emotion agitates, and fills me with inward trouble! Am I not deceived as to thoſe laws which honour ſeems to impoſe? Oh! perhaps I offend Lord Lindſey by ſuppoſing him capable to entertain a deſire of revenge, while his elevated ſoul, his gentle and ſenſible nature, may incline him to pity an unfortunate man, whom a tyrannical paſſion has forced to contract a guilt, which his own remorſe has already too ſeverely puniſhed. If, my Lord, it be poſſible for you not to deſpiſe me, and to forgive me for a fault ſo great, and ſo ſtrongly felt;

con-

condeſcend to make me certain of it by a line from your hand. I will ſet out: I will return to my own country, there to enjoy that peace which you ſhall have reſtored to me: and if, having loſt the remembrance of a paſſion, which time, diſtance, and all other circumſtances do commonly extinguiſh, you ſhould find yourſelf in a condition to look on us, one day, as friends penetrated with your goodneſs, and charmed with your virtues; be kind enough to let us know the happy tidings: we will leave all to ſettle near you, and to prove to you our zeal, our love, and our warm everlaſting gratitude.

*

Oh Monglas, how bitter is every fruitleſs regret! How dearly would I have purchaſed the opportunity of granting the pardon requeſted, and diſmiſſing this unfortunate couple, with my wiſhes for their peace and happineſs. But who can recal the paſt.

My

My whole thoughts were fixed on the diſconſolate widow of Maubray. They were together at Amſterdam! Great God, what a ſight had my cruel hand prepared for the eyes of Emma! At this idea, my heart was ſeized with a violent oppreſſion. To what a ſituation muſt this fatal event reduce her? Did ſhe lay her misfortune at my door, or know the wretch who cauſed her ſuch mortal pangs? Oh! had ſhe even thought to avenge her huſband, and purſue my life; yet ſtill I was determined not to abandon her, whoſe mourning and tears I had occaſioned. Compaſſion, honour, ſo many ſentiments which I no longer dared to avow; duty, juſtice, all urged me to fly to the aſſiſtance of Emma, diſconſolate, and plunged by myſelf into the cruelleſt affliction.

Being reſolved to return that inſtant, I ordered every thing to be got ready for my departure. While my people were preparing to obey my orders, John came in, pale, trembling, diſſolved in tears, and entreated, nay conjured me not to ſet out for Amſterdam:

dam: ſorrow and deſpair await you in that place, ſaid he; Miſs Neſby *has now no need of your aſſiſtance: all the care and anxiety in the world would now avail her nothing.*

What an impreſſion did the words and tears of this affectionate ſervant make on my mind! So ſoon as I could draw my breath, I ordered him to explain himſelf: he heſitated, I inſiſted, at laſt he ſpoke—Oh, my friend, what a dreadful recital! Recollect the facts laid before you in the packet, whoſe peruſal took away the uſe of my ſenſes. That beautiful and unfortunate foreign Lady, the object of the generous compaſſion of Madam d'Auterive; was—Can I ſpeak it and my heart not break—was the daughter of Sir Edmund and my Ward; was the woman whoſe felicity had been entruſted to me, and whom friendſhip, love, and all my oaths had bound me to place in a happy ſituation.

On his arrival at the houſe whither I had ſent him, John learned the death of the wounded man, and the dangerous ſituation

of

of the young lady, who had ſwooned away in the arms of ſeveral perſons who did their utmoſt to aſſiſt her. Forcing his way thro' the croud which ſurrounded her, he diſcovered with a ſurprize mixed with horror, the features of Miſs Neſby in the perſon who was called the wife of the ſtranger. Fearing to let his extreme emotion be perceived, he retired in haſte; but being deſirous to get farther intelligence before he came back to me, after ſome little time, he returned to the houſe, and finding nobody below ſtairs, went up. He was the man whom Madam d'Auterive ſpoke to; ſhe informed him of the deplorable end of an intereſting creature, whoſe death gave her the greateſt affliction. It was in the papers of that Lady that I found the mournful particulars of this lamented and premature death. With what redoubled grief did I read — Emma, dear Emma! What, thy fair Form lacerated! — Oh! let me turn my eyes aſide from this horrible image; unfortunate wife! unhappy mother! pardon, Oh pardon me! Have not eighteen years of regret,

of

of ſorrow and remorſe, ſufficiently expiated my crime, my involuntary crime?

A long and dangerous illneſs was the conſequence of the inexpreſſible grief with which my heart was overwhelmed. For ſeveral months my life was in danger. During my weak ſtate I wiſhed with a kind of eagerneſs Helena might be found out: ſhe ſeemed the only creature whoſe ſight and converſation could afford me any comfort. I wanted to ſettle her advantageouſly in England, or elſe ſend her back to Carolina, enriched by my generoſity. They pretended to make ſearch after her, in order to ſatisfy me, but Mrs. Howard informed me at laſt that the poor girl, who was left behind ſick at London, died ſix days after the departure of Emma, at the very time when they thought her recovered, and ready to go and join her miſtreſs in Holland.

Time reſtored me to my ſtrength, but did not revive my ſpirits. A gloomy langour, and a black melancholy had juſt ſeiz-

ed

ed me, and never after left me. I felt myſelf unable to reſume my former occupations, or to undertake any new. I no longer reliſhed any thing; I had no preference for any thing. In viewing every thing around me, I perceived nothing in nature, now dreary in my eyes, but one vaſt deſart, where I was about to wander for ever, without deſires, and without hopes: no more ſociety, no more amuſements, no more pleaſures! The image of Henry and Emma, both expiring, every moment drew tears from my eyes, and made me utter mournful groans. Their long paſſion, their union, and that happineſs which I had robbed them of, embittered their loſs! What, ſaid I to myſelf continually, have I deſtroyed the exiſtence of ſo happy a pair! But for my ill-fated paſſion; but for that cruel eagerneſs to find out Nelſon, and to diſcover ſome traces of Emma, I had not been a prey to heart-felt reproaches: In two days more I had received his letter; they would ſtill have lived; they would have loved me; I might have wept perhaps, but if love had forced me to ſhed tears, friendſhip would

at leaſt have offered me matter of ſweet conſolation; I ſhould not have ſeen myſelf alone in the world; I ſhould not have ſaid to myſelf, every thing is over with me, nothing can affect me more.

As I could not poſſibly make my appearance at court; and as the town became inſupportable to me; I quitted England, travelled through France, viſited Germany, ſaw Italy once more, and went into the Levant, where we met. During the courſe of our travels, you ſaw me always in the ſame deep ſorrow. After a ſpace of ten years, being called back into my native country, by that habitual predilection which attaches us to the place of our nativity, and to the firſt objects which ſtrike our eyes, I yielded to the deſire of ſeeing Great Britain; but I could not find there that comfort which I expected. My neareſt relations were now dead, and my friends diſperſed. Almoſt a ſtranger amidſt my countrymen, I repented that I had left you. Your aſſuring me you would ſoon return to France, made me deſirous to fix my abode there; and

and the conveniency of a ready paſſage to England induced me to prefer the province wherein I now live: you long fruſtrated my expectation; but your letters kept up my hopes and gave them new life. Your return excited in my heart an emotion, of which I did not imagine I had been ſuſceptible. I ſaw you again with a ſenſible joy. You was aſtoniſhed at my retreat, without however blaming it, or perſuading me to renounce it: your generous friendſhip made you aſſiduous to find means to bring me back to the world, and to make my ſolitude as pleaſing as poſſible. You purchaſed Malzais; you made me promiſe to ſpend part of the year with you; my journey to London deprived me of that pleaſure, the firſt time you came thither with your charming Lady: how happy I eſteem myſelf for having complied with your deſire the beginning of this ſeaſon! Oh, my friend, by what chain of circumſtances and events, has the dear offspring of an adored woman met my ſight? Why was I not ſooner acquainted with the exiſtence of the charming daughter of Emma?

My

My God! what was my ſurprize and confuſion when I perceived features ſtill too preſent to my idea! I ſaw in Mademoiſelle de Valiere, the image of Henry Maubray, embelliſhed with the air and graces of my charming Ward. With what various emotions did I find myſelf affected! All my regret was awakened; a thouſand confuſed ſentiments both removed me from and attached me to your young friend; but when ſhe ſpoke; Oh, what a tone of voice, how it pierced my heart: I thought I heard the accents of Miſs Neſby! A warm concern made me wiſh to know the condition, country, and fortune of that amiable girl: I preſſed, and even importuned you to unveil the myſtery with which you affected to cover every thing that regarded her. But you was miſtaken in the object of ſo eager a curioſity. Oh! it is not love; it is not an heart depreſſed by long grief, whoſe homage I preſume to offer Mademoiſelle de Valiere: it is a paternal affection, and an ardent deſire to atone for misfortunes occaſioned by myſelf which revives my dejected ſoul. Oh Monglas, Oh my friend, do

not

not ſuffer me to be viewed in the light of a cruel murderer: protect, defend, juſtify me. Speak of my repentance; join your prayers to mine; aſk and obtain my pardon. I expect from your friendſhip all the conſolation of the remaining part of my life. Yes, the felicity of Emma's daughter is ſufficient to reſtore me that peace, that tranquillity loſt ſo many years ſince; and if ſhe conſent to be indebted to me for her happineſs, I may ſtill ſee days of comfort.

Oh you, whom I have robbed of your natural protectors; of the rights of your birth; of your name, and of your fortune, reject not the warm attachment of a man whoſe innocent intentions are well known to you. Let us weep together our common loſs; let us unite to regret Henry, to lament Emma, to preſerve, and to honour the memory of your incomparable mother. Dear Sophia, deign to accept the reparation due to you on ſo many accounts; deign to take my name; deign to accept my fortune; be to me a daughter, and a happy wife to the man who loves and is

worthy of you. Ceaſe to afflict him by your generous refuſal. Indulge your own ſentiments; nor pride, nor intereſt ſhall any longer oppoſe his vows, his felicity. That ambitious mother, whoſe favour you refuſed to make him forfeit, will be glad to give her ſon to the heireſs of an immenſe fortune. I once ſet a higher value on it when I intended it for Miſs Neſby, and conſidered it as a means to make her happy: but ſince her loſs, ſo many rich poſſeſſions have not been able to procure me one inſtant of happineſs; accept them yourſelf, and from that moment I ſhall begin to enjoy them. You will not owe me any thing; you will hold nothing from my bounty; it is the fortune, it is the inheritance of your mother, the property of which I will ſecure to you. Oh! do not heſitate to comply with my deſires; give your conſent to call him father, who is this inſtant going to leave you, in order to take upon him the tendereſt care which belongs to that name, and to unite, in everlaſting bonds of love, the charming Sophia to her moſt ſenſible and amiable admirer.

Anſwer

Anſwer of Mademoiſelle de Canteleu to Madame de Monglas, on her returning the Packet of Lord Lindſey.

I Readily complied with your commands, Madam, in writing to Mademoiſelle de Valiere. I am glad I think as you do on this occaſion, ſo important to her happineſs. But I confeſs with regret, that tho' I poſſeſs a conſiderable ſhare of influence over her heart, I am far from having the ſame aſcendant over her underſtanding. If you knew, Madam, what a terrible ſacrifice ſhe is now meditating; the condition of life ſhe deſtines herſelf for; the cruel firmneſs with which ſhe oppoſes my warmeſt remonſtrances, my wiſhes, my intreaties; and were you to know the whole extent of my friendſhip for her, you would not entertain the ſmalleſt doubt of my extreme deſire to perſuade her.

I never have taken offence at her rejecting my advice: a perſon ſo conſide-

rate as ſhe is, could not be expected to ſubmit her conduct to my ſmall experience; nor have I been able to inſpire her with that confidence which determines us to follow, without heſitation, the counſels of friendſhip; but can ſhe deny this confidence to Monſ. de Monglas? It is from him, it is from yourſelf, Madam, that I look for a happineſs ſo ardently wiſhed for, as the certainty of ſpending part of my days with the amiable companion of my childhood, and of the happieſt years of my life.

The heart of Sophia will doubtleſs melt with grief at the fate of her unfortunate parents; but what ſhould raiſe her anger againſt my Lord Lindſey; what blame has he deſerved? Was he the enemy of Henry, or did he deſire his deſtruction, he who ſtill deplores his misfortune, in not being able to ſave a madman from his own fury? In this long and mournful ſtory, his Lordſhip is the only object which intereſts me; and if chance ſeem to have directed the events in it, our own reflection muſt lead us to conclude

clude that they were originally brought about by the ingratitude of the ſufferers.

How could they who owed him ſo much eſteem, ſo much gratitude, preſume to doubt, one moment, the nobleneſs and generoſity of his ſoul? How could Miſs Neſby remain ſilent? Why did ſhe not acquaint her guardian with the reaſons of the ſtrange conduct of her father? Why did ſhe not deſtroy his growing hopes, by the avowal of her engagements to young Maubray? In placing her under the protection of his friend, did Sir Edmund leave his daughter ignorant of his deſigns with regard to her and him? On a ſuppoſition that he did, could ſhe help diſcovering the lover in the eager aſſiduities of my Lord? And how could the paſſionate, the impetuous Henry, preſerve, amidſt his tranſports, ſo long a command over himſelf? Why, on his quitting Edinburgh, when he preſſed his benefactor in his arms, and bathed him with his tears, did he not own his paſſion and marriage? Oh, Madam! could he be withheld by a promiſe, by an oath, which nei-

ther honour, nor friendſhip, nor gratitude ought to have allowed him to take. Every act of diſſimulation is an act of perfidy. I feel my heart riſe againſt that fiery, capricious man; and I bleſs heaven that my charming friend has not been brought up, nor educated under the eye of that violent, impetuous father. Would he have inſpired her with thoſe mild, amiable, and attractive virtues for which ſhe ſtands indebted to Madam d'Auterive, whoſe active affection, and whoſe vigilant attention, did implant in the heart of Sophia, all thoſe qualities with which herſelf was adorned.

Forgive me, Madam, if I do not mention to you the name of this lover of Mademoiſelle de Valiere, with whom his Lordſhip intends to unite her. She has more than once reproached herſelf with her timidity, the only cauſe of her ſtrict ſilence in regard to her ſentiments. The diſcovery of this ſecret will redouble your eſteem for her. But I leave it to herſelf to unveil this myſtery to you.

I join

I join my wiſhes with thoſe of Monſ. de Monglas, with yours, Madam, and with thoſe of Lord Lindſey; and hope that the mild, the ſweet-tempered Sophia, will never deceive the expectation of ſo many hearts intereſted in her glory and felicity.

Letter from Lord Lindſey to Monſieut de Monglas.

I Eaſily conceive your perplexity, and the ſurprize which my expreſſions have excited in Madam de Monglas. You were both ignorant of the attachment of the Marquis de Germeuil for Mademoiſelle de Valiere, and of the generous diſintereſtedneſs which, ever ſince the death of Madam d'Auterive, has made your friend prefer a ſtate of dependence and poverty to the brilliant ſphere to which love had offered to raiſe her.

On obſerving this young Lady, I never doubted but that ſome tender inclination, unfavoured by fortune, was the cauſe of the

ſad penſiveneſs in which I often ſurprized her. What concern did this idea give me for her! How often have I wiſhed it were in my power to diffuſe joy and ſatisfaction over her animated and charming features! How I love the Marquis de Germeuil! He will make Sophia happy, and it will be my happineſs to behold her ſo.

As I had been long conſidered in my neighbourhood as an unſociable inacceſſible man, I learned with ſurpriſe, that the Marquis de Germeuil had called at my houſe. As he could not be admitted he wrote to me. An affair of the greateſt importance obliged him, he ſaid, to inſiſt on being admitted to my preſence, and to have the favour of ſome private diſcourſe with me. I conſented to receive the honour of a viſit he ſeemed ſo bent on. Oh, Monglas! why did I not find in the huſband of Miſs Neſby, that ſincerity and candour which diſtinguiſh the amiable and paſſionate lover of her daughter. An angry purpoſe might probably draw him to the houſe of the man whom he conſidered as his

his rival. But his noble candour ſoon called forth mine; our hearts mutually opened, and our confidence was reciprocal; I welcomed, I embraced the man who before had feared to find in me the raviſher of his greateſt happineſs.

Oh! how the conduct and ſentiments of Mademoiſelle de Valiere redouble my admiration and regard. So young; ſuch ſenſibility; and yet to preſerve ſo much prudence! How many proofs of a moſt refined love in her letters; in the innocent yet ſtrong aſſurances of her friendſhip, and in her advice to Monſ. de Germeuil? What generoſity in her refuſal; what a greatneſs of ſoul in all her motives! who ever was more worthy the good fortune which love and friendſhip are preparing to load her with?

As I was now become the Marquis's friend, I readily complied with all his deſires. The moment after I ſent you my laſt packet, I ſet out with him in order to diſpoſe his mother to complete his wiſhes. You will ſee by the letter of the Counteſs de Ger-

meuil to Mademoiſelle de Valiere, how much the heart of that Lady is changed in favour of *the orphan brought up by Madam d'Auterive.*

It is not this orphan, my friend, it is not the daughter of Maubray, whoſe condition would at preſent be ſo difficult to authenticate, and whoſe fortune has doubtleſs paſſed into the hands of ſtrangers, whom I have propoſed to Madam de Germeuil, to be the wife of her ſon: it is my own adopted daughter; it is Sophia Lindſey, who will ſoon be acknowledged in England under that name; it is the heireſs to my fortune whom a mother, jealous of the grandeur of her houſe, receives from my hand, and conſents to name the Marchioneſs de Germeuil.

Is Sophia acquainted with my misfortunes? Is ſhe moved with them? Does ſhe forgive me; can ſhe bear to ſee me; can ſhe love me? I expect your anſwer impatiently. If her deciſion be favourable to me, inform me of it with ſpeed: all our meaſures

meaſures are already taken. If Madam de Monglas will be ſo good to invite the Counteſs de Germeuil and her ſon to pay her a viſit, the inſtant when my meſſenger returns from Malzais, we will all three ſet out for that place. It is your buſineſs to ſettle the articles which muſt ſecure the fortune of your *Ward.*

Monſ. de Germeuil could not let the opportunity of this meſſenger paſs without writing to Mademoiſelle de Valiere. He fears he has offended her; he reproaches himſelf with his unjuſt ſuſpicions, and yet more unjuſt complaints. He deſires his letter may be delivered to her after that of his mother's. Take care of all our intereſts, my dear Monglas, and be ſo good to acquaint me by the firſt opportunity, with the ſucceſs of your endeavours.

LETTER XLIV.

Sophia de Valiere to Hortenſia de Canteleu.

WHAT various emotions has my heart experienced in the ſpace of a few days! Oh, my dear, a thouſand different ſentiments perplex me; amidſt what confuſion of ideas do I anſwer your ſtrange, your vehement letter. Is it a dream? Or is it a reality! Or do my ſenſes deceive me! Am I known! Am I the daughter of Henry Maubray and Miſs Neſby! Am I deſcended from a noble family! Does my birth no longer keep me at a diſtance from that generous friend who vouchſafed to chooſe me in my humiliation, and reſpect me in my wretched ſtate! Can I lift up my eyes, look round me with confidence, and no longer count myſelf among the number of thoſe innocent and unfortunate victims of the moſt barbarous of all prejudices?

Oh my tender friend! How can I avoid dwelling with emotion on thoſe *particulars*

culars which you promiſed to communicate to me? Can I refuſe the tribute of my tears to an unfortunate pair, at whoſe lot you ſeem ſo little moved? Oh good God, it is my father and mother whom you ſeem to forbid me to mourn: what! ſhall I not bewail their hard fate? Monſ. de Monglas, the Marchioneſs, even you yourſelf aſſure me that I ought not to impute it to Lord Lindſey: you aſk me, *what judge would dare to condemn him?* Oh, I accuſe him not: never ſhall I open my mouth to awaken his ſufferings by my complaints: no, I will not add to the bitterneſs of the reproaches of his heart. I pity my Lord, I am far from diſputing the truth of the facts which you lay before me. After being *attacked, and forced to ſtand on his defence, his goodneſs would yet have ſpared*—He would have ſpared his life, Hortenſia, and yet—But *his long repentance, his virtues, his kind intentions*—My dear, his friendſhip for me melts me, overpowers me: the daughter of Miſs Neſby *may be allowed to mingle her tears with thoſe of Lord Lindſey*; to call him *her friend, her father*; but does the daughter of Henry

Maubray

Maubray owe nothing to his memory? Shall ſhe become the adopted child of the man who pierced his heart? Oh! I do not *obſtinately inſiſt on being guided by own underſtanding*; it is not my intention *to reject for ever the counſels of friendſhip*. I have told you many times, I am not of an *untractable* diſpoſition, of an *inflexible* temper. At a time when my conduct intereſted none but myſelf, I might be allowed to follow my *own ſuggeſtions*, and determine by *my own principles*. My ſituation is now no longer the ſame: perſons of the greateſt benevolence are intereſted in my determination, and the happineſs of my kind protectors ſeems to depend on my compliance: they wiſh for my Lord's tranquillity; they ardently deſire my felicity. What an attractive proſpect theſe words open to me: *be to me a daughter, and the happy wife of the man who admires you.*—And perhaps they carry too great a weight againſt other conſiderations.—They bring me a letter—Good God! it comes, yes indeed it does, from Madame de Germeuil! With what ſurpriſe, what emotion did I peruſe this letter: you ſhall judge,

my

my dear, by this copy of it, which I ſend you incloſed.

The Counteſs de Germeuil to Mademoiſelle de Valiere.

IT is with great confuſion and regret, my dear Sophia, that I acknowledge my cruel behaviour to you. My complaiſance for a family violently irritated againſt you, ſuſpended the effects of my friendſhip. Their vexation at ſeeing themſelves ſo long deceived by my aunt, and a jealouſy, which the diſcovery of your ſituation ought to have extinguiſhed, drew upon you the hatred of all Madam d'Auterive's relations. I was ſo unpardonably weak as to yield to their intreaties, and to abandon you, at a time when your condition called for the moſt immediate aſſiſtance, and the tendereſt conſolation. Nothing can excuſe that cruel uſage: and if my ſon did not aſſure me that the noble heart of his conſtant friend is incapable of hating the niece of Madam d'Auterive, and the mother of the Marquis de Germeuil, I ſhould not have preſumed to

flatter

flatter myſelf with ever ſeeing thoſe ſentiments revive which formerly attached you to me.

Can you forget, my dear child, ſuch provoking inſenſibility? Can you condeſcend to accept the title of my daughter? With what joy am I preparing to beſtow it on you, and to embrace a woman who has at her diſpoſal the happineſs of a ſon, the object of my love, of my indulgence, of my vanity, and of every flattering ſenſation of my heart. What! for more than a twelvemonth have you made a voluntary ſacrifice of yourſelf to his fortune and glory? Could you remonſtrate to him with ſuch energy and diſintereſtedneſs the duty he owed to his mother; to his mother who abandoned you! Charming girl! How has the humble ſtate into which you appeared to have fallen, given a luſtre to all your great and noble virtues: without this trial the world would have remained ignorant of ſome of your brighteſt qualities. The heirs of Madam d'Auterive muſt for ever bluſh for having reduced you to it. And you, my lovely daughter, you muſt

pardon

pardon us: it is a debt you owe to the ſuperiority of your character.

*

I! forgive? And what, pray, ſhould I forgive? What rights have I been deprived of; what obligations did the relations of Madam d'Auterive lie under to me? Oh! whatever has any connection with her is ſtill dear to me. What! ſhall I ſee myſelf once more ſurrounded by my former friends? Feel myſelf *preſſed in the arms* of Madam de Germeuil; hear her call me *daughter*—Indeed, my dear Hortenſia, I have need to calm my ſenſes; I can ſcarce fetch my breath—Can joy be harder to bear than grief? Does it make us ſhed tears? Oh! whence proceeds this kind of weight that lies upon my heart.

Lord Lindſey's meſſenger, they tell me, waits my anſwer before he returns? Am I in a condition to think, or reflect? Oh my affectionate, dear friends, do you yourſelves anſwer for me: let Monſ. de Monglas pronounce

nounce for me; I ſubmit my fate to his deciſion.

Madam de Monglas to Mademoiſelle de Canteleu.

I HAVE received your letters, Mademoiſelle, as well as thoſe of the Marquis de Melville. I congratulate you on the happy event which you are both pleaſed to acquaint us with. I make no doubt of the ſatisfaction your friend would have had in aſſiſting at this brilliant feſtival; but we are to ſet out the very day of your marriage, in order to eſcort Sophia de Valiere to London, where ſhe is take the name of Sophia Lindſey: a neceſſary preparation to qualify her for aſſuming that of the Marchioneſs de Germeuil. I have not yet delivered your letter to her; I take this firſt opportunity to let you know ſo much, from an apprehenſion leſt her ſilence might alarm you.

Her moving interview with Lord Lindſey; the arrival of Madam de Germeuil; the preſence of her ſon; a change of ſituation ſo great;

great; ſuch affecting eclairiſſements; the careſſes of the Counteſs; the raptures of the young Marquis, have ſo ſenſibly touched the ſoul of the feeling Sophia, that her health ſeems ſomewhat impaired by it. Were ſhe to write to you at preſent, the particulars ſhe muſt enter into might poſſibly add to that kind of trouble and emotion, the effects of which are juſtly apprehended.

I did not imagine that joy was ever expreſſed by tears, by ſighs, and by a kind of grief. Indeed theſe two lovers aſtoniſh me. I am but little acquainted with love; my ideas are exceedingly confined with regard to the emotions it produces; but if theſe emotions are ſtronger than thoſe of friendſhip, they muſt be too ſtrong, and muſt needs occaſion painful ſenſations. When I conſider theſe *two lovers*, who are here called the *happy couple*, I perſuade myſelf with ſome degree of pleaſure, that the ſweet compoſure of my ſoul is preferable to a ſentiment, whoſe ſo much boaſted delights can produce the ſame effects as grief.

It has been thought proper to ſuppreſs ſeveral letters written from London to the new Marchioneſs de Melville. Circumſtances very intereſting in the eyes of a friend often tire the attention of an indifferent perſon. After having been acknowledged as the daughter and heireſs to Lord Lindſey, Sophia was married to the Marquis de Germeuil in the chapel of the French ambaſſador. After the ceremony, ſhe went, accompanied by all her friends, to a ſeat of that Lord's, adjoining to Windſor foreſt. She paints in a very natural manner, and even with ſome gayety, the great and noiſy joy occaſioned by the return of my Lord; the day, ſhe terms a day of confuſion and merriment, was ſpent in amuſing and ſplendid entertainments of every kind.

In another letter ſhe expatiates on his Lordſhip's goodneſs. His attentive benevolence has not been interrupted by his abſence. At all times his liberality and his provident care maintain affluence on every part of his eſtate. He is loved and reſpect-

ed

ed by all his tenants; his preſence fills them with joy, and every Being which has any dependence on him, is happy through him.

Being ready to return to France, ſhe writes word of it to Madam de Belville, and acquaints her with an adventure as agreeable as unexpected, which ſhe met with at London. A lady, who refuſed to ſend in her name, preſented herſelf at her houſe, and inſiſted on ſeeing her and ſpeaking to her. As ſhe was entering her cloſet, the young Marchioneſs knew her, flew to her, and they embraced an hundred times, while neither was able to aſk the other what chance had brought them together.

This Lady was Cecily, whoſe protection contributed ſo much to ſoften the vexations of Mademoiſelle de Valiere, during her ſtay at the Hotel de Terville. The pleaſure of finding themſelves both in a happy ſituation, added to the ſatisfaction they felt in meeting.

Cecily, the daughter of an Iriſh gentleman, who died in the French ſervice, being left an orphan very young, and bred up in the ſeminary of the New Converted; deſtitute of fortune, and without all hopes of any, at the age of ſeventeen, was preparing to embrace a monaſtic life. A lady of great piety was pleaſed to ſupply her with the means of taking the veil; but love broke the meaſures of the young *novice*, by preſenting to her view the eldeſt ſon of a rich merchant in London, about nineteen. He was juſt come to Paris, where he had ended his travels, his governor being lately dead: he was on the point of departing when he ſaw Cecily. He conceived a very violent paſſion for her, and at the ſame time inſpired her with the tendereſt ſentiments. He perſuaded her to quit the convent; ſhe conſented, left it, and they married: for ſix months this amiable couple taſted all the delights of an union which love had cemented.

Inſenſibly their happineſs declined. Mr. Belton, the father of Cecily's huſband,

being provoked at his ſon's ſtay at Paris, ſent him preſſing orders for his return, and ſoon after deprived him of the means of ſubſiſting there. Being forced to go back to England, Charles Belton conducted his diſconſolate wife to the abbey of Panthemon, where Madam de Monglas ſtill was. They wept bitterly. The tender huſband could hardly conſent to part from his charming wife: he paid ſix months board for her, and ſwore to her to return before that time was elapſed, and never to quit her more. On his landing at Dover, he renewed his promiſe in a moſt affectionate letter, wherein he expreſſed at once his grief to leave her, and his ardent deſire to return to her. But ſhe waited in vain for a letter, and her huſband's direction at London, never hearing any more from him.

For ſome time ſhe concluded he was ill; ſhe grew uneaſy, afflicted herſelf, wept, and became diſconſolate: but time and reflection at length perſuaded her that ſhe had

had been the victim of her love and credulity.

She found ſhe was betrayed, abandoned, without reſource or hope, delivered over to indigence, ſorrow, and bitter regret. In ſo cruel a ſituation her ſtrength of mind, and the happy ſingularity of her temper, preſerved her from the effects of deſpair. Far from reproaching herſelf with her too eaſy belief, ſhe caſt the ſhame of his leaving her on the perfidious wretch who preſumed to deceive her, and meanly abuſe her confidence and her ſenſibility. She deſpiſed him, and retained all that ſelf-eſteem which candour and goodneſs have a right to indulge. She deteſted the author of her ſorrows, and ſoothed them without adding any mixture of regret for her loſs to the hatred ſhe conceived for him and all his ſex.

Madamde Terville ſaw her in the parlour with her niece, and made her an offer of taking her home with her: Cecily accepted it, after inſiſting on the promiſe of the counteſs, that no body ſhould be made acquainted

quainted with her ſad adventure. The ſecret was kept, and no one in the hotel knew either her ſtory or her name.

In the mean while, this huſband, who was become the object of her averſion, and diſdain, retained the tendereſt remembrance of her, and lamented his involuntary abſence. Before he quitted Paris, his father had learned with great indignation, the motives of his obſtinately remaining in France. The very day of his arrival in London he conducted him to Plymouth, where he put him on board a ſhip commanded by a relation, and ready to ſail for Jamaica. This relation had it in charge to have a watchful eye over the conduct of young Charles: in vain did he write to Cecily; none of his letters were ever put on board; ſo that for three years he believed himſelf forgotten by her, as on the other hand, ſhe thought herſelf abandoned by him.

His father's death at laſt reſtored him to liberty. He quickly repaired to England, returned to France, and ſought out his charm-

ing wife. His return taught the haughty Cecily, that hatred, when produced by offended love, is not that gloomy, that cruel ſentiment, whoſe unrelenting conſtancy nothing can alter. At the ſight of Charles Belton, her heart reſumed its former tenderneſs. She received him with open arms; tears of affection fell from her eyes; in a few moments joy chaſed away her long uneaſineſs, and both experienced the incomprehenſible delight attendant on true love: a delight ſo ſtrong, that its power in an inſtant effaces all the evils we complained of, and even the remembrance of having ever felt them.

E SE 51

THE END.

BOOKS printed for T. BECKET in the Strand.

1. LETTERS from the Counteſs de Sancerre to Count de Nancé, her Friend. 2 Vols. 6s.

2. The Hiſtory of Miſs Jenny Saliſbury, addreſſed to the Counteſs of Roſcommon, 2 Vols. 6s.

3. The Hiſtory of the Marquis de Creſſy, 3s.

4. The Continuation of the Life of Mariane, to which is added, the Hiſtory of Erneſtina, with Letters and other Miſcellaneous Pieces. 3s.

5. Letters of Lady Juliet Cateſby to Lord Campley. 3s.

6. Letters of Fanny Butler. 2 Vols. 5s.

*** The above written by Madame Riccobini.

7. Atkyn's Antiquities of Gloceſterſhire, With a great Number of fine Plates. Folio. Large Paper. 3l. 3s.

8. The ſame Book. Small Paper. 2l. 10s.

9. Harrington's Works. New Edition. Royal Quarto. 1l. 1s.

10. Ludlow's Memoirs. New Edition. Royal Quarto. 1l. 1s.

11. Addiſon's Works. Beautifully printed by Baſkerville. 4 Vols. Royal Quarto. 4l. 4s.

12. Horatii Opera, finely engraved by Pine. 2 Vols. 2l. 2s.

13. Fables de Fontaine. Avec grand Nombres des Figures. 4 Vols. Folio. 10l. 10s.

14. Baretti's Italian and Engliſh Dictionary, New Edit. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s.

15. Boyer's

15. Boyer's French and Engliſh Dictionary. New Edit. 8vo. 7s.

16. Dr. Lind's Eſſay on the Diſeaſes incident to hot Climates. New Edit. With Additions. 6s.

17. Dr Farr's Introduction to Phyſiology; or, an Inquiry into the Nature, Origin, and Extent of the Motions of Animals, deduced from Reaſon and Analogy. 8vo. 6s.

18. Travels through France and Italy. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. 2 Vols. 6s.

19. Letters to Eleonora. 2 Vols. 6s.

20. Macpherſon's Introduction to the Hiſtory of Great Britain and Ireland. 4to. Second Edition. 12s. in Boards.

21. Hiſtory of the Stage, from 1760 to the preſent Time. 3s.

22. Holwell's Intereſting hiſtorical Events of Indoſtan. Part III. 3s. 6d.

23. Beawe's Lex Mercatoria. New Edit. Folio. 1l. 11s. 6d.

24. Hoyle's Games. New Edition. 3s.

25. Almida, a Tragedy. 1s. 6d.

26. Indolence. A Poem. By the Author of Almida. 1s.

27. Miller's Gardener's Dictonary. New Edit 4to. 1l. 5s.

28. The Works of Dr. Davenant. Complete in 5 Vols. 8vo. With a copious Index. 1l. 10s.

29. The Works of Sir William Temple. New Edition. 4 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

30. The Golden Treaſury for the Children of God. New Edition. 2s.